TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

THE IDW COLLECTION V12

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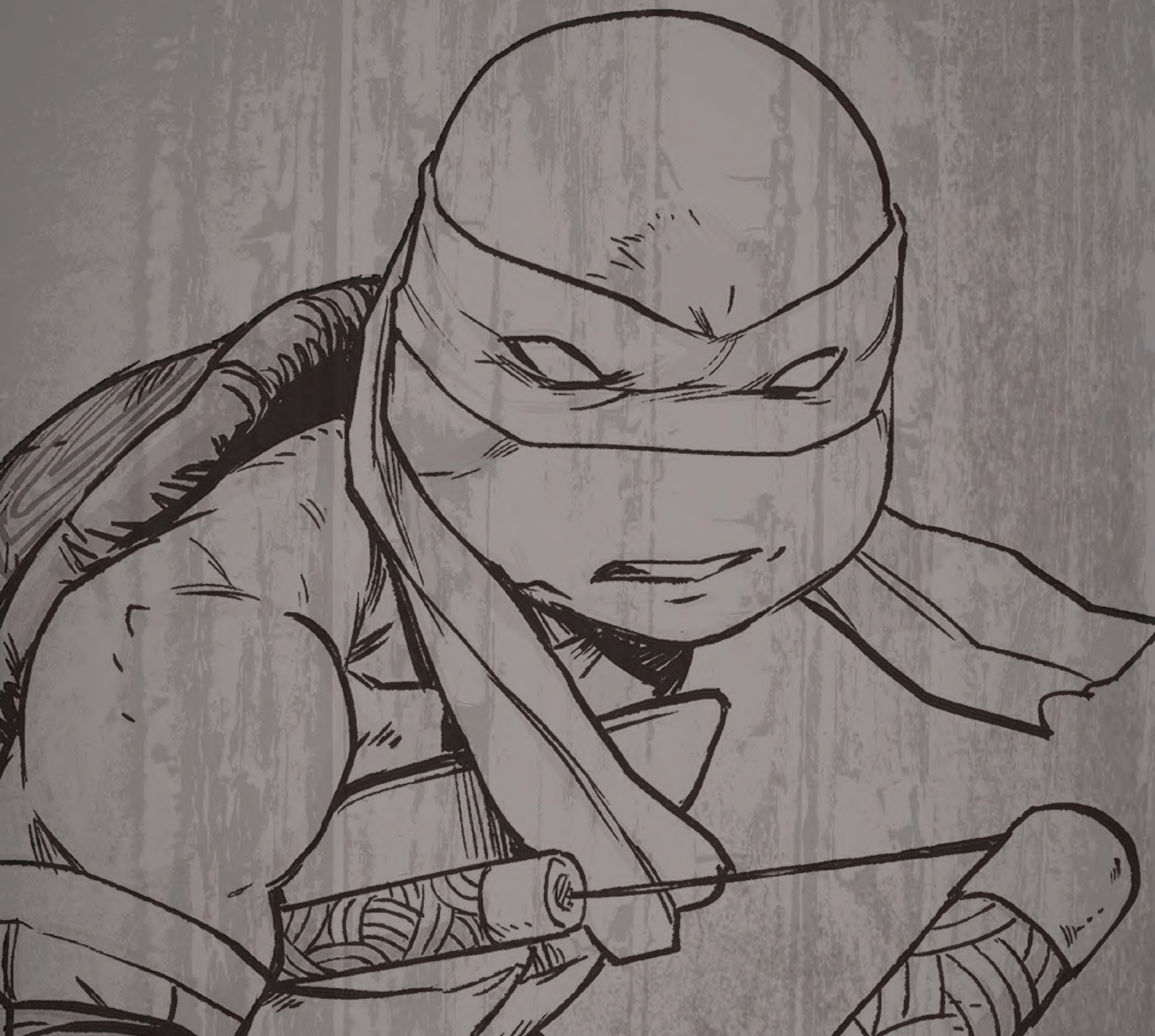

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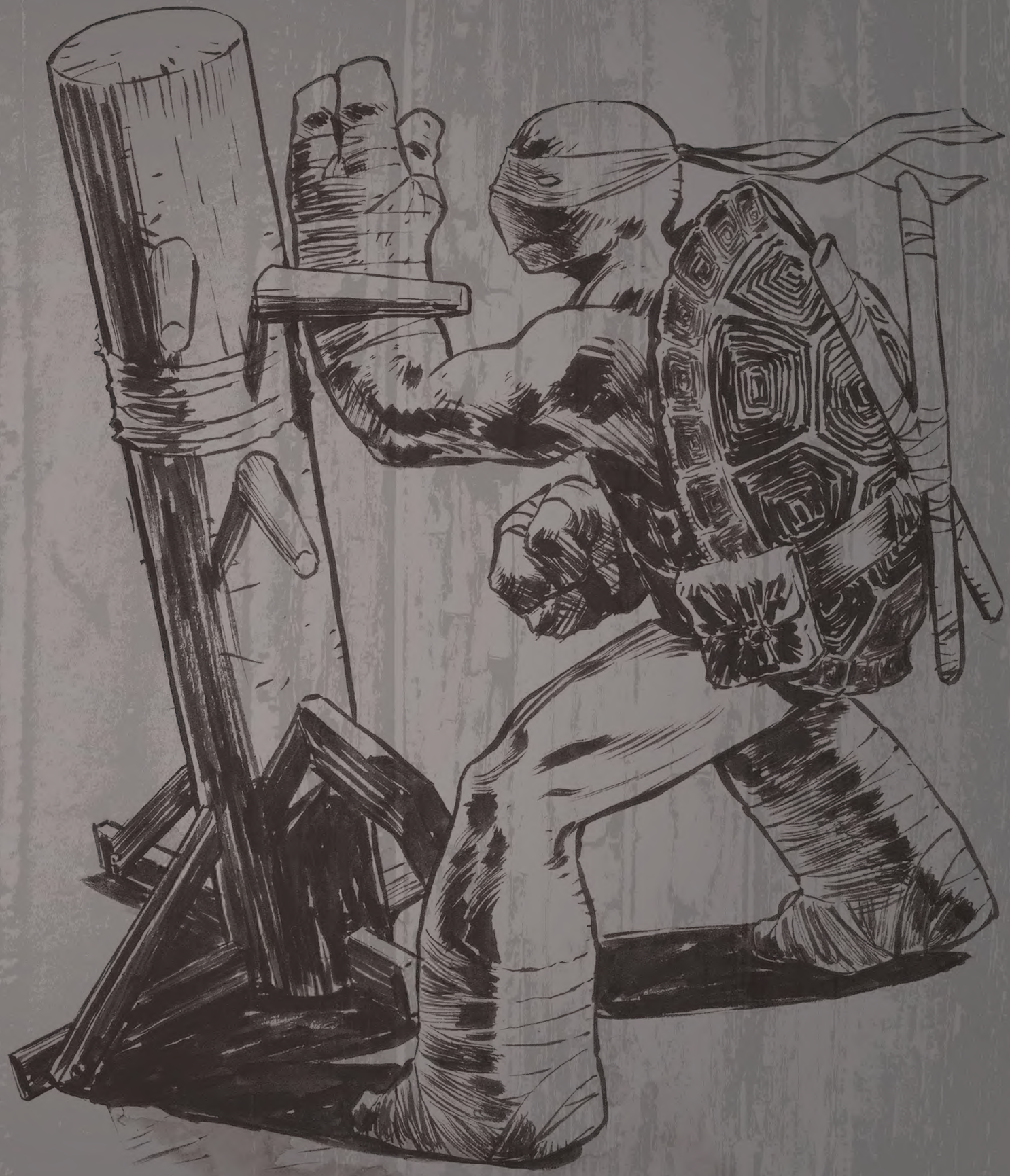

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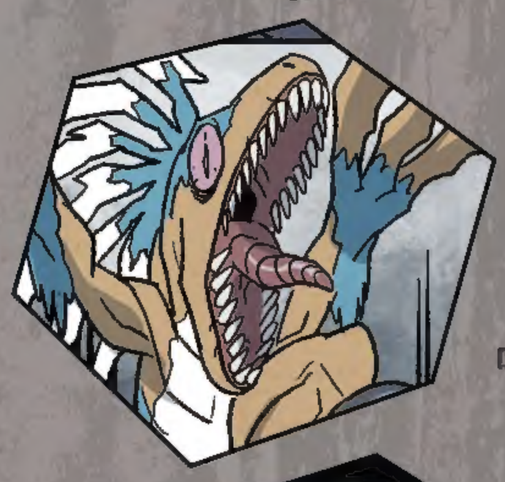

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MACRO-SERIES:
MICHELANGELO

HIDDEN INSIDE ONE OF THE FOOT CLAN'S STRONGHOLDS...

HA!

WHOP-HA!

WHOP

THANK YOU, *THANKYEEEEEW!* I'M YOUR SENSEI OF SMILES, MICHELANGELO!

IN THE SECOND RING IS THE BRO WITH A BO— *DONATELLO!*

TOK!

TOK!

TOK!

IN THE THIRD RING WE'VE GOT THE RADICALLY RIPPED *RAPHAEL!*

AND IN THE CENTER RING— YOUR HOSTS—*THE FOOT CLAN!*

AND SHOWING OFF HER ICY GLARE OF DOOM— *JENNIKA!*

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

DRUMMING UP SOME LAUGHS.

HA! GET IT?

DRUBBA-DUBBA-DUB

THE FOOT CLAN IS AN ANCIENT ORGANIZATION. RESPECTED. *FEARED.*

WE ARE *NOT* A CIRCUS TROUPE.

TAP!

IF THIS *WAS* A CIRCUS, WE'D HAVE SOME DECENT SNACKS!

HOP!

BESIDES—THE FOOT IS WORKING TO BETTER THE CITY, RIGHT?

YES. MASTER SPLINTER HAS US BRINGING ORDER TO—

THESE KIDS LOST *EVERYTHING*. THEIR PARENTS. THEIR HOMES.

EV.

REE.

THING.

ISN'T GIVING THEM A FEW MINUTES OF HAPPINESS BETTERING THE CITY?

A LITTLE BIT OF HOPE IS THE SAME AS "ORDER," RIGHT?

AH? AHHHH? THERE'S A SMILE!

FINE. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.

STILL HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'RE ONE OF SPLINTER'S SONS.

I AM *DEEPLY* CONCERNED ABOUT THE STATE OF THINGS, LEONARDO.

YES, MASTER SPLINTER. THESE ARE... TRYING TIMES.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE TRICERATONS AND EARTH DEFENSE FORCE WAS RELATIVELY BRIEF, BUT DEVASTATING TO THE CITY...

...AND WE HAVE THE EVER-LOOMING ISSUE OF THE PANTHEON.

RAT KING HAS BEEN HANDLED FOR NOW, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE OTHERS ARE PLANNING.

AND THEN THERE'S ALL THOSE POOR ORPHANS...

THEY ARE NOT THE *CHILDREN* I AM CONCERNED ABOUT.

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

YES, YOU *SHOULD*.

I PLACED YOU AS MASTER OF THE HAMATO CLAN BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU COULD BE TRUSTED WITH THAT RESPONSIBILITY.

YOU HAVE MADE ME QUESTION THAT DECISION EVER SINCE.

WHAT DO YOU... WE'VE BEEN—!

YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS HAVE BEEN HABITUALLY DISOBEDIENT AND BLATANTLY *DEFIANT* AS OF LATE.

I FORGAVE IT WHEN DEALING WITH SAKI. THERE WAS WISDOM IN YOUR PLAN, IF AN UNSETTLING LACK OF RESPECT.

IT CONTINUED AS YOU OPENLY QUESTIONED MY METHODS IN FRONT OF THE FOOT. YOU HAVE ACTIVELY UNDERMINED MY EFFORTS TO PROTECT YOU AND THIS CITY.

YOUR MISHANDLING OF THE TRICERTATON THREAT CANNOT BE OVERLOOKED. YOU HAVE PROLONGED THE ISSUE, ENSURING FUTURE INSTABILITY.

YOU *FOUGHT* ME.

AND AFTER IT ALL, YOU COME TO ME WITH A SMALL ARMY OF ORPHANS, BEGGING YOUR FATHER FOR HELP. BECAUSE *NOW* YOU NEED ME.

NOW. GO ON. TELL ME WHAT YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS HAVE DONE.

IT ISN'T... YOU CAN'T JUST... WE...

I APOLOGIZE FOR ANY DISRESPECT ON THE PART OF THE HAMATO CLAN, MASTER SPLINTER. IT WAS NOT OUR INTENTION. AS MASTER OF THE CLAN, THE JUDGMENT SHOULD FALL ON ME.

I HUMBLY ASK YOU TAKE IN THE CHILDREN. PLEASE DO NOT LET MY SHORTCOMINGS PUNISH THEM.

HMM. THE FOOT CLAN WILL HONOR YOUR REQUEST. WE WILL TAKE IN THE CHILDREN.

THANK YOU, FATH—

THESE WILL BE THE *TERMS*.

LEO'S DONE TALKING WITH FATHER!

AAAAAAAAAND—!

TURTLE POWER!

MIKEY!

YAAAY!

MIKEY!

—WE'RE DONE! G'NITE EVERYBODY!

MIKEY!

HOW DID IT GO?

IT CERTAINLY... *WENT.*

HE'S AGREED TO TAKE IN THE KIDS...

NICE!

YEAH!

...TO BE TRAINED AS THE NEXT GENERATION OF FOOT NINJA.

THAT'S... *WOW...*

NO WAY!

YOU CAN'T LET HIM DO THAT, LEO! THEY'RE *KIDS!* THEY'RE NOT SOLDIERS!

I-I'M SORRY, MIKEY. I DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF ROOM TO NEGOTIATE.

THEN FORGET HIM! *WE'LL* TAKE THEM IN! THERE'S FOUR OF US! WE CAN MAKE IT WORK!

NO. WE CAN'T. WE DON'T HAVE THE SPACE FOR THEM.

WE DON'T HAVE THE FOOD, THE RESOURCES, AND NONE OF US KNOW HOW TO RAISE ONE KID— NEVER MIND *THIS* MANY.

HE'S RIGHT. WITH THE CITY IN CHAOS, THE FOOT CLAN IS THE ONLY GROUP WITH THE INFRASTRUCTURE TO TAKE ON SO MANY ON SHORT NOTICE.

...IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE THESE DAYS.

WOULDN'T HURT FOR THEM TO LEARN HOW TO DEFEND THEMSELVES...

STOP MAKING EXCUSES! NOBODY STOPPED FATHER WHEN HE HAD DUN EXECUTED!

WE *TOLD* HIM WE COULD END THINGS PEACEFULLY WITH THE TRICERATONS, BUT HE STILL TRIED TO *MURDER* ZOM!

AND WHEN YOU TRIED TO STOP HIM, HE *STOMPED* ALL OF YOU! WHAT KIND OF DAD DOES THAT TO HIS SONS?!

YEAH, AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU WEREN'T PITCHING IN.

I DON'T *WANT* TO FIGHT HIM! I DON'T WANT TO *FIGHT* MY *FAMILY*— *PERIOD!*

YEAH, WELL, WE *CAN'T* FIGHT HIM. HE SHOWED US THAT WHEN HE HANDED US OUR ASSES.

HE'S A CLAN MASTER *AND* OUR FATHER. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE *HAVE* TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD.

AND WE HAVE TO KEEP THE PEACE BETWEEN THE FOOT CLAN AND THE HAMATO CLAN.

IT'S THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE BEEN ALLIES IN HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

SELLING OFF A BUNCH OF KIDS TO BECOME ASSASSINS DOESN'T SOUND VERY "PEACEFUL" TO ME.

MMZZKP... MIKEY?

WAKEY-WAKEY, LITTLE DUDE! TIME FOR A SURPRISE SUPER-SECRET NINJA STEALTH ADVENTURE!

HELP ME GET EVERYONE UP AND MOVING, AND KEEP IT COOL, GOT IT?

GOT IT!

HCK!

SLAM

WAKE. UP.

UGH... MIKEY, GET UP. SOMETHING'S—

—MIKEY?

THE CHILDREN ARE GONE AND THEIR GUARDS TIED UP.

HE *WOULDN'T* HAVE... WOULD HE?

FOLLOW ME. I WILL HANDLE THIS.

KEEP UP, LITTLE DUDES! WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!

UH... MIKEY?

IT'S *SENSEI* MIKEY NOW!

OKAY— SENSEI MIKEY— WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO... *UM...*

WAIT. IF WE GO TO THE LAIR, THE GUYS WILL FIND US IN NO TIME.

APRIL'S FOLKS HAVE A SMALL PLACE. CASEY... WHERE *DOES* CASEY LIVE? THE MUTANIMALS... *NAH*, I CAN'T BRING THESE KIDS NEAR HOB...

WE'RE GOING... *UUUUUH*-PSTATE! YEAH! WE'LL FIND SOME NICE FARM LAND AND SETTLE THERE!

DOES THE SEWER GO THAT FAR?

IT'S GOT TO! I MEAN, THEY'VE GOT TOILETS OUT THERE, DON'T THEY?

FRESH AIR! SUNSHINE! TOTALLY GET BACK TO NATURE!

IS THAT HOW YOU GREW UP?

TOTALLY! I MEAN—KINDA. IN ANOTHER LIFE.

WHAT?

IT WAS FOREVER AGO, BUT I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS LITTLE AND FATHER WAS FIRST TEACHING ME...

ARE THEY TOO HEAVY?

NO. WHAT DO I DO WITH THEM?

YOU SWING THEM. START SLOWLY.

!HOK!

WAAAAAAH!

WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I-I-IT HIT ME!

DID IT? IT SWUNG ALL BY ITSELF?

N-NO... I SWUNG IT...

SO, IN FACT, YOU HIT YOURSELF.

TRY AGAIN.

I DON'T WANT TO GET HURT!

THEN DO NOT LET IT HAPPEN.

CONTROL YOURSELF, AND IT WILL FOLLOW.

I'M DOING IT!

VERY GOOD. NOW— WATCH ME AND DO AS I DO.

YEAH. IT'LL BE LIKE THAT. I'LL BE LIKE THAT.

EXCEPT... INSTEAD OF ONE DAD AND FOUR KIDS, IT'LL BE ONE ME AND... A BUNCH OF KIDS.

WHICH... Y'KNOW, S'COOL. I'LL IMPROVISE.

FIVE... TEN... FIFTEEN...

OH CRAP. WHERE IS EVERYBODY ELSE?

OKAY! *UM*— EVERYBODY... HOLD POSITION! I'LL BE *RIGHT* BACK!

IT STINKS DOWN HERE!

Y-YOU GET USED TO IT...

SENSEI? I'M HUNGRY.

WE'LL— *HRK*—GET SOME EATS IN A BIT!

I'M TIRED!

ARE WE THERE YET?

OKAY— EVERYBODY OFF. I GOTTA TAKE A BREATHER.

MY HEAD HURTS.

ARE WE LOST?

MY STOMACH'S NOT HAPPY.

JUST— *STOP!* GIVE ME— LIKE—*FIVE* MINUTES!

NO *NO NO!* I'M ALREADY DOING THIS WRONG. MAYBE MY BROS WERE RIGHT—THIS IS TOO MUCH TO HANDLE.

BUT WHAT ELSE AM I SUPPOSE TO DO? I CAN'T TAKE THEM BACK TO—

MICHELANGELO.

EVERYBODY GET ACROSS! WAIT FOR ME ON THE OTHER SIDE!

STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS AT ONCE.

YOU EMBARRASS YOURSELF AND YOUR BROTHERS.

SLOW AND STEADY! JUST KEEP ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER!

ALL YOU ARE DOING IS MAKING THINGS WORSE!

COME OVER HERE WITH THE CHILDREN *IMMEDIATELY* BEFORE YOU TRULY CAUSE—

SCREW YOU!

WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?

I SAID *SCREW! YOU!*

YOU BETRAYED *EVERYTHING* YOU TAUGHT US! EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO BE!

THESE KIDS LOST ALL THEY'VE *EVER* KNOWN, AND INSTEAD OF HELPING THEM, YOU WANT TO TURN THEM INTO *WEAPONS?!*

YOU'RE *WORSE* THAN SHREDDER!

FATHER...

HE DIDN'T MEAN...

I AM CLAN MASTER.

LEO IS MY CLAN MASTER NOW!

I AM YOUR *FATHER.*

THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M A DUMB KID YOU CAN BOSS AROUND!

EITHER YOU'RE THE FOOT MASTER OR MY FATHER! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS!

YOU WILL DO AS I SAY OR FACE YOUR PUNISHMENT.

I SEE.

SO BE IT.

SUCH DEFIANCE... SUCH UTTER DISRESPECT... HE'S GOING TO *KILL* HIM.

IT'S GOING TO GET UGLY, THAT'S FOR SURE.

LEO? HOW DO YOU WANT TO APPROACH THIS?

WE DON'T. I SEE WHAT HE'S DOING.

YEAH. SO WE'LL LET HIM SEE IT THROUGH.

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY IMPLYING MIKEY HAS A *PLAN?*

CRACK!

THAK!

THOK!

CLANG!

CRAK!

RAAAAA

tok!

FLING!

KRA

CRAK!

KLAK!

KRAK!

=HUFF HUFF HUFF=

ENOUGH! YIELD, MICHELANGELO!

NEVER. MY FATHER TAUGHT ME TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT.

MY SENSEI TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT THE *KILLERS* OF THE FOOT CLAN.

IF YOU WANT THESE KIDS, IT'LL BE OVER MY DEAD BODY.

MASTER LEONARDO. STEP FORWARD.

Y-YES SIR.

I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU.

FOR... WHAT?

FOR THIS DEMONSTRATION. IT SHOWS ME JUST HOW DEVOTED THE HAMATO CLAN IS TO PROTECTING THIS CITY'S CITIZENS—AND THE NEXT GENERATION.

I EXPECT THIS SAME LEVEL OF DEVOTION WHEN YOU HELP IN EDUCATING AND TRAINING THEM.

FORGIVE ME, MASTER SPLINTER. I SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THE DETAILS OF OUR ARRANGEMENT.

PLEASE— *REMIND* ME.

THE FOOT CLAN WILL SEE TO IT THESE CHILDREN ARE FED, CLOTHED, AND SHELTERED.

THEY SHALL BE GIVEN A FULL EDUCATION SO THEY WILL BE PREPARED TO RETURN TO THE WORLD.

THE HAMATO CLAN WILL CONTINUE FROM THIS EVENING'S EXERCISE, ***EXCLUSIVELY*** TRAINING THE CHILDREN IN THE MARTIAL ARTS.

WHEN THE CHILDREN COME OF AGE, THEY WILL HAVE THE ***OPTION*** TO FURTHER THEIR SKILLS BY JOINING THE FOOT CLAN.

I BELIEVE THAT WAS THE ARRANGEMENT, WAS IT NOT?

IT WAS. THANK YOU FOR THE REMINDER.

WAIT... THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU TOLD US THIS AFTERNOON...

YOU *WON*, YOU GOOBER. HE'S GIVEN YOU AN HONORABLE WAY OUT.

OOOOOOOOH...

THANK YOU, *CHUNIN*. RUN AHEAD AND BRING SUFFICIENT FORCES TO GATHER THE CHILDREN BACK TO THE COMPOUND.

IT IS LATE, AND WE ARE ALL VERY TIRED.

AT ONCE, MASTER. BUT... ARE *YOU* ALL RIGHT?

I JUST RAISED MY HAND IN ANGER AGAINST ONE OF MY BELOVED SONS. THAT WILL NEVER BE "ALL RIGHT."

YEAH! *WOO!* YOU ALL JUST PASSED YOUR FIRST LESSON OF NINJA TRAINING!

ONE DAY YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PULL OFF SICK MOVES JUST LIKE ME AND MASTER SPLINTER—*ER*—DEMONSTRATED!

AREN'T YOU HURT, SENSEI MIKEY?

HIM? *NAH!* HE'S SUPER TOUGH! THOSE WERE JUST LOVE TAPS, RIGHT?

YEEEEE-EAH...

EVERYONE STAY PUT! I'LL BRING HELP! A-AND SNACKS!

THAT HAD TO BE THE *STUPIDEST* AND MOST *BRILLIANT* THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

YEAH, BRO! YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING BACK ON US!

I'M NOT GOING EASY ON YOU WHEN WE SPAR NEXT TIME!

HAHA, C'MON YOU GUYS...

WHAT IS THIS?

LEO? YOU'RE FREAKIN' ME OUT, MAN.

THANK YOU, MIKEY. FOR DOING WHAT I COULD NOT.

WHAT? GETTING MY ASS KICKED?

FOR STANDING UP TO FATHER WHEN I COULDN'T. AND TO BRING ABOUT POSITIVE CHANGE.

AW, C'MON! IT WASN'T... IT'S NOT LIKE I PLANNED IT ALL OUT.

IT'S JUST... ALL THIS NOISE JUST... PUSHED ME TO MY LIMIT, Y'KNOW?

BUT I KNEW IF I PUSHED FATHER TO *HIS* LIMIT, FORCED HIM TO CHOOSE, I *KNEW* HE'D REMEMBER HE LOVED US MORE THAN ANYTHING.

HAHAHA

ALL THIS *AND* HE'S SO HUMBLE! BRING IT IN, YOU NERDS!

HAHAHA

HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!

HK

END.

art by MICHAEL DIALYNAS

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

UNIVERSE #23
"...AND OUT CAME THE REPTILES"

DDUN DDUN DDUNNN DDDUNN

ERR-RAAAGH!

SONG'S *WICKED*, RIGHT, SEYMOUR?

HAH. NOT YOUR SPEED ... IT'S COOL, I GET IT. DON'T YOU WORRY, DUDE. WE'VE GOT *ALL DAY*.

CHECK THIS OUT—HERE'S SOMETHING EVEN HARDER THAT I THINK'LL REALLY BLOW YOUR MIND.

IF THIS DOESN'T CHEER YOU UP, YOU'RE PROBABLY DEAD OR SOMETHING, **HAHA**...

STOP.
'SUP, DUDE?
I SAID *STOP*.
HEH, OKAY, MAN. IT'S ALL GOOD— METALCORE ISN'T YOUR THING.
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO SNAP YOU OUTTA THIS FUNK.
I GOT THIS PRETTY RAD SKATE VIDEO—REAL UNDERGROUND STUFF.
OOH! WE COULD WATCH THAT OLD ITALIAN HORROR FLICK I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!
KA KAFF!
HNNG...
KOFF KOFF!
GROSS, THAT COUGH CAME WITH A PRIZE.
YOU OKAY, DUDE?
=NNG= NO.
HOLD UP, DUDE—LEMME GET YOU, LIKE, AN ENERGY DRINK OR SOMETHING...
I SAID STOP, =KOFF= MONDO!
OH, HEY, DOC. WAS JUST CHILLING WITH S.G.
HE'S EXTRA GRUMPY TODAY, LOOK OUT, *HAH*—
MONDO... WE NEED TO TALK.

NO. NO *FREAKING WAY*, LINDSEY.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU...

I DON'T WANT IT TO BE TRUE AS MUCH AS YOU DO, MONDO. TRUST ME.

BUT WE HAVE TO BE REAL ABOUT IT. HIS BODY IS GIVING UP. SEYMOUR IS *DYING*.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR HIM! HE CAN'T JUST DIE!

YOU'RE *THE DOC*, DOC. FIX HIM.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO. I CAN MAYBE BUY SOME TIME... INDUCE A COMA.

BUT THAT'S ALL IT WILL GIVE US. *TIME*. AND VERY LITTLE OF IT.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE CAN COME BACK FROM THAT.

I MEAN, E.P.F HAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TECH TO FIX HIM, SO SHORT OF GETTING OUR HANDS ON THAT, WE'VE EXHAUSTED *OUR* RESOURCES.

DO IT. BUY ME THE TIME.

I'LL HANDLE THE REST.

SEYMOUR IS--FOR A LACK OF BETTER WORDS--*MESSED UP*.

NOT AT ALL HUMAN, BUT NOT FAR FROM IT EITHER.

I'M GIVING HIM SOME PROPOFOL.

ONCE HE'S OUT I'LL HAVE TO MONITOR HIS VITALS AND FIGURE IT OUT AS I GO.

A TIGHT ROPE BETWEEN TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE... LEANING ON THE LATTER.

WHATEVER YOU GOTTA DO, DOC.

HE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS. NO ONE DOES.

JUST HOPE I CAN PULL THROUGH ON MY END.

THERE. SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO KICK IN. HE'LL JUST GO TO SLEEP UNTIL WE WAKE HIM UP. HOPEFULLY.

DON'T SWEAT IT, PAL. JUST CATCH SOME ZZZ'S FOR NOW, AIGHT?

OL' MONDO'S GONNA GET YOU SOME NEW—

NO! DON'T! DON'T YOU *DARE* WAKE ME UP!

WHOA! DUDE!

IF YOU'RE MY FRIEND, YOU'LL DO IT, MONDO. YOU'LL *END* ME. STOP MY SUFFERING!

THOSE DRUGS ARE MAKIN' HIM TWEAK, DOC!

IT'S NOT THE DRUGS, IT'S HIM—HE'S *FIGHTING* IT.

HE NEEDS ANOTHER DOSE.

PLEASE. JUST LET ME *DIE*. PLEASE *KILL ME*. I CAN'T LIVE ANOTHER SECOND IN THIS WRETCHED BODY...

DUDE... I CAN'T. I WON'T. I'M *SAVING* YOU.

KILL ME! I'M BEGGING YOU, *JUST KILL ME!*

DO IT OR I'LL HATE YOU WITH EVERY BREATH IN MY HORRIBLE LUNGS...

OH, HOLY CRAP. HE'S OUT.

I THINK.

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT, M. HE JUST PANICKED.

YEAH. THANKS, LINDS. I'LL TALK TO HOB.

NO WAY. I'M SORRY, BUT NO. IT'S WAY TOO DANGEROUS.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME, HOB? SEYMOUR'S GONNA FREAKIN' DIE IF WE DON'T DO THIS. LIKE, *NOW*.

LISTEN TO WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME, MONDO.

YOU WANT US—ENEMY #1—TO BREAK INTO THE E.P.F. AND STEAL SOME OF THEIR NO DOUBT *LETHALLY PROTECTED* TECH.

I'M ASKING YOU TO SAVE S.G.'S *LIFE!*

SEEMS LIKE A NO-BRAINER TO ME.

I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO *THIS TEAM!* I'D BE LEADING ALL OF US INTO A *DEATH-TRAP*.

BISHOP ALREADY CAPTURED US ONCE...

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE =NNG= FORGETTING YOUR "RESPONSIBILITY" TO THIS *FAMILY*.

OR MAYBE SEYMOUR'S JUST NOT *USEFUL* ENOUGH FOR YOU TO PUT IN THE EFFORT.

I KNOW YOU'RE FEELING A LOT RIGHT NOW, BUT I *CREATED* YOU, REMEMBER? SO THAT MAKES ME *KINDA* LIKE YOUR DAD.

SO I SUGGEST YOU REMIND YOURSELF THAT I'M LOOKING OUT FOR *ALL* OF YOU.

YOU AIN'T *MY* DAD, BRO. AND YOU DON'T KNOW SQUAT ABOUT FAMILY.

THIS IS FREAKING INSANE. I'M *OUT*.

MONDO, *YOU PETULANT LITTLE BRAT!*

GET BACK HERE AND FACE ME LIKE A *MAN*.

SEYMOUR'S *MY BROTHER* AND YOU'RE GONNA KILL HIM.

THAT'S ON *YOUR* HANDS, "*DAD*."

MONDO, STOP. YOU KNOW I LOVE SEYMOUR. I...

MONDO!

HEY. HOLD UP.

HOW IS HE?

HE'S TOTALLY OUT, BUT HOLDING UP.

LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO THE MISSION ALONE...

I HAVE TO. AND YOU HAVE TO KEEP HIM ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU CAN.

I WON'T TELL HOB. JUST BE SAFE. AND QUICK, IF YOU CAN.

YEAH. THANKS, LINDS...

"...FIRST I GOTTA MAKE A PIT STOP. SEE IF I CAN GET A LITTLE HELP FROM SOMEONE WHO CARES."

HEY, MIKEY...

EARTH TO MIKEY!

=HNNG= PINEAPPLE ISN'T A TOPPING!

OH. H-HEY, MONDO.

YOU COOL?

AM I COOL? I WAS MEDITATING. COOL IS MICHELANGELO.

WHAT'S UP, MON-DUDE? WANNA HIT THE PIPES FOR SOME NIGHT SKATING?

I WISH. NOT HERE TO CHILL THOUGH.

YOUR BROTHERS AROUND? I NEED HELP.

NAH, THEY'RE OUT ON RECON. I'M ON HOME DUTY—LEO'S BEEN TRYING TO GET US TO PRACTICE OUR MEDITATION. "ASTRAL PLANE" STUFF. PRETTY SWEET, *HUH?*

BUT THE *GOOD* NEWS IS, YOU GET *ME!*

YEAH. "GOOD NEWS..."

MAN, IF YOU NEED HELP FINDING SOMETHING, YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK—I DON'T KNOW WHAT *ANY* OF DONNIE'S NERD STUFF IS.

I'M *OKAY* WITH SOME COMPUTER STUFF. I GAVE YOUR BRO THE DIGITAL FILES I STOLE FROM E.P.F. THE FIRST TIME AROUND...

BINGO. GOT 'EM.

THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU INTO THE BASE? IT'S JUST WORDS AND NUMBERS.

OOH— IS IT, LIKE, A SECRET PASSWORD?

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT EASY. THE FILES ARE STAFF CONTACT INFO FOR E.P.F. AGENTS...

...AND *PERSONAL ADDRESSES.*

OH! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. PIZZA DELIVERY BOMB! E.P.F. WON'T KNOW WHO HIT 'EM.

NAH, I'M GOING TO BREAK INTO ONE OF THESE PUNK'S ***HOUSES*** AND TEAR IT APART UNTIL I FIND OUT HOW TO GET INTO THEIR BASE.

OH. THAT'S... ACTUALLY *REALLY* DARK, DUDE.

MONDO, WAIT! THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU. I'M WORRIED. I'M COMING WITH.

DON'T GOTTA DO THAT, BRO. THIS COULD GET GNARLY.

EXACTLY! WHO ***ELSE*** WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE WITH YOU?

I'M VERY WELL KNOWN FOR MY HIGH GNAR-POTENCY.

REAL TALK, DUDE—ARE YOU, LIKE, OKAY?

I KNOW STUFF WITH SEYMOUR IS SERIOUS, BUT YOU SEEM... *OFF*.

NO. I'M *SO* NOT OKAY.

JUST FEELS LIKE ALL THE THINGS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THERE TO *HELP US* ARE DOING THE EXACT OPPOSITE, Y'KNOW?

SEYMOUR HAS THE RIGHT TO, LIKE, *NOT DIE*—BUT NO, HE HATES MY GUTS NOW AND IS IN A COMA THAT HE MIGHT NOT SNAP OUT OF.

AND HOB'S SUPPOSED TO BE A FATHER TO US—OR AT LEAST A *LEADER*.

DUDE. WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF FATHER ISSUES. I FEEL YOU, BIG TIME.

HOB'S LETTING SEYMOUR DOWN. HE'S LETTING EVERYONE DOWN.

ALL BECAUSE OF THE NEED TO FIGHT THIS *SYSTEM* THAT'S HELLBENT ON TRAMPLING SOME OF US AND NOT OTHERS.

I'M JUST GETTING REAL DAMN *TIRED* OF THAT SYSTEM, DUDE.

HERE. I THINK THIS IS THE STREET...

THE MORE I WAKE UP, THE MORE I SEE THINGS WON'T CHANGE FOR THE BETTER FOR ME. OR SEYMOUR. OR *YOU*.

TRUST ME, DUDE—AS A GUY *ALWAYS* COMING OUT OF A SEWER TUNNEL—I TOTALLY GET WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.

JUST DON'T TRADE IN HOPE FOR ANGER...

"...'CAUSE ANGER BITES BACK HARD, DUDE."

DANG. LOOK AT THIS PLACE. E.P.F. PAYS PRETTY SWELL...

KEEP WATCH. I NEED TO FIND AN OFFICE OR SOMETHING.

THIS CARPET ;GASP; IT'S LIKE WALKING ON *LOTION*.

C'MON... THERE'S GOTTA BE *SOMETHING* IN HERE.

SCHEMATICS. YES!

GOTTA BE A KEYCARD HERE... ACCESS CODE... *SOMETHING*.

STOP, MUTANT FREAK!

THAK

EASY NOW, BRO... WE'RE NOT GOING TO *HURT* YOU.

YOU... YOU'RE IN *MY HOME!*

=UNFF=

THWUMP

RRRRARGH!

WHOA! DUDE, DON'T—

TELL ME HOW TO GET INTO YOUR BASE BEFORE I MASH YOUR HEAD INTO YOUR OWN FLOOR!

KEYCARD. ACCESS CODE. *ANYTHING.*

START TALKING, KEEP LIVING.

STUPID MUTIE... ACCESS ONLY WITH IRIS AND FINGERPRINT SCANS...

...YOU'RE NOT GETTING IN— THEY'LL *KILL YOU* ON FIRST SIGHT.

FINGERS AND EYES? I CAN MAKE THAT HAPPEN...

DADDY? DADDY, WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M SCARED...

MONDO...

...ENOUGH!

=HNF= WHAT ARE YOU—*GET OFF OF ME!*

WE'RE OUT OF HERE. *NOW.*

HE HAS INFORMATION! YOU'RE MESSING UP MY WHOLE MISSION, MIKE!

*UHH, **THAT*** WASN'T PART OF ***OUR*** MISSION, BRO. YOU WENT TOTAL AGGRO ON THAT GUY. YOU WERE GONNA KILL HIM!

YEAH, WELL, HE ***DESERVES*** IT. HE AND HIS GOONS WANT OUR HEADS, MAN.

IF IT MEANS GETTING WHAT I NEED TO SAVE SEYMOUR, THEN—

THIS ISN'T YOU, MONDO. E.P.F. OR NOT, THAT GUY WAS INNOCENT. WE WERE IN HIS ***HOUSE***. WITH HIS ***FAMILY***.

SIGH I'M DOING SOMETHING THAT MY BEST FRIEND'S GONNA HATE ME FOR. BUT I KNOW IN MY HEART I GOTTA.

LIKE, HOW CAN I LIVE WITH MYSELF IF I DON'T SAVE HIM? FEELS LIKE I'M DAMNED EITHER WAY.

I'M SORRY, MAN. YOU GOTTA BE FEELING THE PRESSURE. YOU KNOW I GOT YOUR BACK THOUGH.

LOOK, IF YOU FEEL LIKE LOSING CONTROL, YOU JUST LEAN ON ME. SUPPORT EACH OTHER, RIGHT?

IF WE'RE GONNA DO THIS, WE GOTTA BE ***SMART*** ABOUT IT. ALL ***LOGICAL***-LIKE.

FATHER ALWAYS SAYS, "THE BLADE OF LEAST RESISTANCE IS THE ONE THAT MAKES NO CUTS."

YEAH, I DON'T THINK THAT'S A SAYING? FINE. I'LL TRY TO KEEP MY COOL.

THANKS, BRO.

"THERE IT IS... THE BIG BAD E.P.F."

"YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? LOOKS PRETTY LOCKED DOWN."

"DOESN'T MATTER IF I'M SURE."

"LET ME HANDLE THE INTRODUCTION."

OOF!

SHH... NIGHT NIGHT, LI'L BUDDY.

VEEEP

DEE-DEET

FSSHH

E.P.F. HEADQUARTERS.
LEVEL 16.

16

NGLK!

E.P.F. HEADQUARTERS. LEVEL O.

PLEASE =HUFF= TELL ME WE MADE IT. I CAN'T =HUFF= DO ANY MORE.

ACCORDING TO THE MAP I STOLE... YEP.

MAN. WE'RE REAL GOOD AT THIS =HUFF= NINJA STUFF.

THERE—I *THINK* THAT'S THE STORAGE AREA. WHERE THEY KEEP ALL THAT TECHNO JUNK.

LINDSEY GAVE ME A LITTLE SHOPPING LIST OF THE STUFF SHE NEEDS TO GET SEYMOUR ALL FIXED UP...

...I JUST HOPE IT'S ALL THERE AND WE CAN FIND IT.

YEAH, *UHH*, DON'T FORGET, WE STILL GOTTA GET BACK OUT *SIXTEEN FLOORS* OF THIS JOINT.

DUDE? WHAT'S UP?

...

I KNEW I'D BEEN HERE BEFORE.

FEELIN' *VIBES* IN THIS JOINT...

"...SOME REAL GNARLY, NOT AT ALL COOL, *THROW-DOWN IN THE PIT* TYPE VIBES, MAN."

WE... WE SHOULD HURRY, MONDO. C'MON. FORGET THIS STUFF.

NAW. NO WAY. NEVER FORGET.

HHRRRAHH!

NEVER AGAIN!

K-CHANK

E.P.F... NULL... HOB... THESE AGENCIES AND COMPANIES—THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. THEY ONLY CARE ABOUT ONE THING—*THEMSELVES*.

I'M *DONE* PLAYING YOUR GAME. DONE BEING PART OF YOUR TWISTED, SELFISH MACHINE.

KRASH

I USED TO BE FREE! I WAS RIPPED FROM PEACE AND PUMPED FULL OF GREEDY PROPAGANDA!

BRO, ARE YOU CRAZY? NOW IS *NOT* THE TIME FOR A REBELLIOUS AWAKENING.

THEY THINK THEY CAN PUT THE BOOTS TO MY NECK? I'VE HAD ENOUGH... THIS TIME I'M BITING BACK. FOR ME. FOR THE SILENT ONES.

YOU HEAR ME UP THERE? HUH? YOU FOOLS LISTENING?

DUDE, *CHILL*. YOU'RE LOSING IT. FOR REAL.

I'M LOSING IT? YOU SHOULD BE JUST AS MAD AS ME!

BRO, WE GOTTA GO! YOU'RE GONNA BLOW THIS THING!

LEMME REMIND YOU THAT WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR LITTLE PUNK ROCK FREAK-OUT, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS LYING IN A COMA.

YOU DON'T THINK I *KNOW* THAT?

I THINK RIGHT NOW YOU NEED TO *LISTEN* TO ME.

YEAH, WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE, LIKE, ONE OF *THEM*.

JUST A MINDLESS PAWN IN THEIR SYSTEM.

MAN, I TOTALLY GET WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. ALL OF IT. I'VE BEEN THE "LITTLE ONE" MY WHOLE LIFE. A "FREAK."

BUT YOU'RE PUSHING BACK AGAINST EVERYTHING TOO HARD, TOO FAST.

SO WHATEVER—YOU WANNA TAKE ON THE EVIL EMPIRE? FINE. AT LEAST SEYMOUR WILL DIE HAPPY.

THAT SOLVES *YOUR* CONSCIENCE PROBLEM, RIGHT, DUDE?

OH, WOW. SORRY. THAT WAS KINDA HARSH.

NAW, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M JUST SO OVERWHELMED... I KEEP WANTING TO FIT INTO SOMETHING THAT GIVES ME THE STRENGTH TO—

WHAT THE—

AH, CRAP!

WELCOME BACK, MR. MONDO. I SEE YOU BROUGHT A FRIEND.

BEFORE WE PROCEED, I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING IT EASY FOR US. IT'S NOT OFTEN THE PREY JUST WALTZES INTO THE HUNTER'S HOME.

MONDO... WE GOTTA FIND COVER.

NAH. I AIN'T BACKING DOWN.

COME GET IT THEN, YOU FASCIST PIGS!

art by PABLO TUNICA

UNIVERSE #24
"...AND OUT CAME THE REPTILES"

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

EAT LEAD, E.P.F. PIGS!

KRAKK

THOK

K-CHIK

WHAT— AFRAID OF ONE SKINNY LITTLE FREAK? NOT GONNA FIGHT ME MAN TO GECKO?

FWIP

=HLK=

WHAT ARE YOU DO—

DUDE. WHAT DID I TELL YOU? WE CAN'T WIN WITH THAT GUNS-A-BLAZIN' 'TUDE. WE GOTTA BE SMART.

BESIDES, *THEY* HAVE THE GUNS. WE DON'T.

THEY'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE.

NONETHELESS— *REMOVE THEM.*

LET THE MACHINES DO THE HARD WORK. WE'LL CLEAN THE REMAINS.

AW COOL, A DRONE! HEY THERE, LITTLE BUD! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF YOU.

UHHH, HOLD UP—YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE EVIL DRONES, ARE YOU?

MAN, YOU GUYS WASTED A LOT OF MONEY ON THINGS FOR ME TO PRACTICE SMASHING WITH!

KRCH

HOPE YOU'RE GETTING A GOOD LOOK DOWN THERE, BISHOP!

FOOM

=HNG=

HEY, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MAKING ME LOOK GOOD! HOLD STILL, DRONE!

THIS IS ACTUALLY KINDA FUN...

GAH! OHCRAP OHCRAP CRAPCRAP! NOT FUN!

KRAK

=GUH=

FWOOM

=MMPH= OKAY, SO HIGH GROUND IS BETTER IN THEORY THAN EXECUTION.

YOU OKAY, DUDE?

YEAH, FINE. BETTER ONCE I RETILE THE FLOOR WITH SOME TEETH.

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA LOCK THE TWO OF US UP AND DO SOME FREAKY SCIENCE STUFF TO US—REWIRE OUR BRAINS OR SOMETHIN'—YOU'RE NUTS, BUCKO.

I'LL CROAK BEFORE I LET YOU HOLD ME FOR ONE NANOSECOND.

OH, MONDO, YOU SLIMY LITTLE FIRECRACKER. THAT'S PRECISELY THE IDEA. I DON'T CARE TO KEEP YOU IN MY FACILITY.

I'VE HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF YOUR KIND'S HUMID STENCH.

WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU.

PROBABLY DUMP YOU AND YOUR FRIEND IN A DITCH.

RUDE. I CAN TAKE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM REGARDING MY HYGIENE—NO ONE'S PERFECT.

BUT A DITCH BURIAL? THAT'S JUSSST A BIT HARSH, DUDE.

NAH, ONLY ONE GETTING BURIED HERE IS *THEM*.

CAN'T KILL WHAT YOU CAN'T CATCH, AGENT *POWER-TRIP!*

=MMPH=

HM.

REMARKABLE PARTY TRICK, BUT A FUTILE EFFORT— I DON'T EXACTLY *BREATHE*, LIZARD.

MONDO! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IMPULSE CONTROL!

I COULD USE A LITTLE BACK-UP HERE, BUDDY!

ATTACK!

=OOF=

LIGHTS OUT, GECKO.

NOPE!

WHUP

C'MON, MAN... I *HAD* HIM...

YEAHHH, NO. YOU REALLY DIDN'T.

WE NEED TO MOVE—THIS MISSION ISN'T OVER YET...

"...BUT IT WILL BE IF WE DON'T GET TO THAT *WAREHOUSE.*"

LET'S PUT AN EGG IN OUR SHOE AND BEAT IT!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? STOP THEM!

SHOOT THEM TO HELL!

DON'T LET THEM OUT OF YOUR SIGHTS, YOU IDIOTS!

CLOSE THOSE BLAST DOORS NOW!

CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP!

ALMOST...

...ALMOOOOST...

PSHOO

PSHOO

THUM

fwlop

...NAILED IT!

NGAAAH! NOT AGAIN!

OOF, TOUGH BREAK, BRO.

AT LEAST WE'RE ALIVE TO TELL THE... *TAIL*.

=HNNG= DUDE! NOT. COOL. AT ALL.

I JUST GREW THAT THING BACK. NOW IT'S GONNA COME IN ALL GNARLY.

KRCH

THERE—THAT OUGHTA BUY US A LITTLE MORE TIME.

CAN'T EVEN ***HEAR*** BISHOP AND HIS GOONS OUT THERE. THESE DOORS ARE NO JOKE.

I CAN SEE WHY. THEY'VE GOT SOME SEEERIOUS STOCK IN HERE, DUDE.

NO DOUBT... I JUST HOPE WE CAN FIND EVERYTHING ON LINDSEY'S SHOPPING LIST.

YOU KIDDING ME? LOOK AT THIS TREASURE TROVE. THE REAL PROBLEM IS...

...ONCE WE ***FIND*** THE SUPPLIES TO FIX SEYMOUR, HOW THE HECK DO WE GET ***OUT OF HERE*** IN ONE PIECE?

ALL RIGHT, OFF TO DO SOME SHOPPING. HOLLER IF ANYTHING COMES—

DUDE, HOLD UP. ARE YOU... ARE YOU OKAY? LIKE, *REALLY*.

I LOST YOU OUT THERE. THAT WASN'T YOU, MAN.

SIGH I DUNNO, MIKEY. I JUST... COULDN'T HOLD ONTO MYSELF. I WAS SEEING RED, YOU KNOW?

I'VE BEEN SO CAUGHT UP IN "STICKIN' IT TO THE MAN" AND "BRINGING DOWN THE SYSTEM."

I THOUGHT, WITH SEYMOUR DYING, I COULD BE A BAD ASS AND SAVE THE DAY.

YOU KNOW WHAT'S REALLY BAD ASS? BEING YOURSELF.

ANNNND ALSO NOT LEAVING YOUR PARTNER ON A DEADLY MISSION.

YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS ALL MY BAD. BUT I GOT YOUR BACK NOW. PROMISE.

SO GLAD YOU TWO COULD MEND THE FENCES. I'D HATE FOR YOU TO DIE WITH A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER.

NONETHELESS, WHATEVER YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH...

...I ASSURE YOU, IT *WILL NOT* HAPPEN.

THE FREAKS DESTROYED THE CONTROLS. THE BLAST DOORS HAVE TO BE OPENED MANUALLY NOW. A FAILSAFE BUILT INTO THE—

LESS TALKING, AGENT. MORE KILLING.

KRCH

"GET THOSE DAMNED DOORS OPEN *NOW*."

=HNG= I GOT IT ALL, MIKE! LOOK AT THIS SWEET JACKET I FOUND!

MAYBE WE CAN, LIKE, BUILD A SUPER-WEAPON FROM THIS STUFF TO HELP US ACTUALLY GET OUT OF THIS JOINT...

I THINK WE MAY HAVE OUR ESCAPE PLAN COVERED, MY DUDE.

GRRRRRRN

AS SOON AS THAT DOOR OPENS, UNLEASH *HELL* ON THEM.

GRRRRRRN

GET READY. FIRE ON MY COMMAN—

KHOOM

HELLS YES! THIS IS FREAKING SWEET!

CHOM

THEY'VE GOT THE TRICERA-TANK...

...TAKE IT DOWN, YOU IDIOTS!

NICE SHOT, MIKEY. NOW LET'S CLEAR A PATH OUTTA HERE, BRO!

I-I CAN'T! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE THIS DANG THING! THE CONTROLS ARE ALL IN TRICERA... TRICERATONI... DINOSAUR!

OUR RIFLES AREN'T EVEN PUTTING A DENT IN THAT TANK'S HIDE!

WHOOOA!

CHKOM

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT, I GUESS YOU HAVE TO JUST DO IT YOURSELF.

WITH A REALLY, *REALLY* BIG GUN.

YOU JUST HANG TIGHT IN THERE AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO DRIVE THAT BEAST, MIKEY.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GOONS...

...WITH A LITTLE *HARDCORE SHREDDING!*

THWOK

SORRY, GUYS—WE GOTTA BOUNCE.

FWUMM

WIMMMM

OHNONONO I THINK THAT WAS THE *POWER* BUTTON...

PLEASEPLEASE PLEASE LET THIS BE A THING THAT *DOES* SOMETHING.

CHARMING EFFORT, BUT YOUR EXECUTION COULD USE SOME WORK.

SPEAKING OF "*YOUR EXECUTION...*"

KOOOOM

HAHAHA! NICE!

DEET

FWAAAM

KTHOOSH

YES, DUDE! *YES!* RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

HOOO-LEEEE DANNNG IT-UHHH!

KEEP RIPPIN' IT, MIKE! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

KTHOOOSH

WOOOO!

CATCH YOU *NEVER*, YOU TOTAL DUMPSTER FIRES!

THKOOM

KRTHOOSH

ACK!

LOOK AT THAT. THAT'S A GOLD MEDAL LANDING.

IT'S A LANDING. THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.

C'MON. WE GOTTA GET THIS TECH TO LINDSEY, *ASAP*.

UHH, HEY. LATE NIGHT SKATE SESH, *HUH?* RIGHT ON.

DON'T WORRY, WE'RE NOT BAD GUYS OR ANYTHING. WE'RE THE *COOL* ONES.

TELL YOU WHAT, ONCE YOU GET REALLY GOOD ON YOUR BOARD... THEN YOU CAN REALLY RIP AROUND ON THIS ONE.

WHOA... THANKS.

NO TIME FOR KICK-FLIPS, DUDE—LET'S GET TO A SEWER, STAT.

KEEP PRACTICING, LI'L SKATER!

LINDSEY? I GOT THE STUFF. *HURRY!*

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY DID IT.

GOOD TIMING— SEYMOUR DOESN'T HAVE A LOT OF FIGHT IN HIM.

IS HE GONNA...?

I DON'T KNOW. I'LL TRY.

WELCOME BACK.

I SEE YOU DID THE *EXACT THING* I TOLD YOU *NOT* TO DO.

HOH BOY, GEEZ, LOOK AT THE TIME.

I THINK... I'LL SEE IF LINDS NEEDS A HAND.

LOOK, HOB. I DON'T WANNA FIGHT WITH YOU ANYMORE.

I GOT THE SUPPLIES. SEYMOUR'S GETTING FIXED.

PROBLEM SOLVED, MAN.

YOU'RE UNDER *MY* ROOF. YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY OR BEAT YOUR FEET.

"WHAT YOU DID WAS BEYOND RECKLESS, MONDO. YOU PUT US ALL AT RISK.

"EVEN WORSE, YOU PUT ME IN A POSITION I CAN'T POSSIBLY WIN."

DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK, I DO CARE. MY WHOLE LIFE IS CARING FOR US. SUDDENLY, I'VE GOT ONE OF MY OWN AT DEATH'S DOOR...

...AND ANOTHER TRYING TO KICK IT DOWN AND LET THE REAPER IN.

DON'T GIMME THAT MISUNDERSTOOD HERO THING, HOB. IT WAS SIMPLE— SAVE OUR BROTHER, OR DON'T.

I CAN SLEEP TONIGHT WITH THAT DECISION. CAN YOU?

SIGH IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, MONDO. NOTHING'S ***EVER*** THAT SIMPLE.

"YEAH, WELL, WE'LL JUST NEVER BE ON THE SAME PAGE THEN."

WE COULD GO AROUND IN CIRCLES ON THIS FOREVER, KID. ROUGH EACH OTHER UP. I COULD KICK YOU OUT AGAIN—

ACTUALLY, I *LEFT*.

—*OR*, WE COULD ACT LIKE ADULTS AND JUST CHALK THIS UP TO EMOTIONS RUNNING WILD.

=PFF= "EMOTIONS?" C'MON, MAN. I'M TIRED.

ME AN' MIKEY WERE THE HEROES THIS TIME. AND I'M PROUD OF MYSELF.

LOOK, MONDO, I... =SIGH=

...*THANK YOU*. YEAH, YOU DID SAVE HIM. ALL SAID AND DONE, I SEE THAT.

DON'T THANK ME YET. HE'S STILL DYING.

BUT WE CAN *ALL* THANK LINDSEY ONCE SEYMOUR PULLS THROUGH.

GUYS? IT'S SEYMOUR—HE'S *STABILIZED.*

HE MAY *STILL* NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH... BUT I DID THE BEST WITH THE PARTS YOU STOLE.

THE IMPORTANT PART IS IT'S KEEPING HIM ALIVE. FOR NOW.

THANKS, DOC. I MEAN *REALLY.*

HEY, YOU DID THE HEAVY LIFTING, MONDO.

HEY, BUDDY. GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING. SO? HOW YOU FEELIN'?

I =HNNG= *HATE* YOU.

UHH... CAN WE, LIKE... HAVE A COUPLE MINUTES ALONE?

PLEASE, SEYMOUR. I *HAD* TO SAVE YOU. YOU'RE MY FRIEND. I KNOW YOU ARE SUFFERING, BUT YOU HAVE TO—

NO. WHAT YOU DID WAS MAKE IT *WORSE* FOR ME.

IN THE COMA, FOR ONCE, I FELT *PEACE*. NO LONGER DOOMED IN THIS OFFENSIVE BODY. NO MORE A HIDEOUS FREAK IN THIS WORLD.

I WAS JUST ME. THE REAL ME. THE *IDEA* OF ME.

NOW I'M *HERE* AGAIN. LIKE *THIS*. BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T DO THE ONE THING I WANTED.

SO YOU COULD FEEL GOOD ABOUT *YOURSELF*.

BUDDY, IT'S NOT... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT...

...I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE *HERE* WITHOUT YOU. YEAH, IT'S SELFISH, I KNOW.

BUT YOU'RE WORTH IT, PAL.

ONE DAY, YOU'LL FORGIVE ME. I HOPE.

STOP. PLEASE. NO MORE TEARS. YOU'RE *BRAVE*. DOESN'T HAVE TO BE BOTH OF US LIKE THIS.

I'M SORRY, DUDE.

MAYBE ONE DAY IT'LL BE DIFFERENT.

MAYBE.

THE END.

art by PABLO TUNICA

art by DAVID O' SULLIVAN

UNIVERSE #24
"LIFE AT SEA"

RAY! HEY, RAY! WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, THERE YOU ARE. LISTEN, HOB NEEDS YOU IN THE SITUATION ROOM.

I GUESS THERE'S A SITUATION.

RAY? ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE. I WAS JUST THINKING HOW PEACEFUL IT WAS OUT THERE.

PEACEFUL?

OUT THERE, AT SEA. I COULD JUST LIVE OUT THERE IN THE WATER, AWAY FROM ALL THIS.

ALL WHAT? ALL OF US?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN. I MEAN ALL THE VIOLENCE, ALL THE PLOTTING. ALL THIS INSANITY...

YEAH...

"LIFE AT SEA."

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN MUTANT MANTA RAY...

I SAIL THE SEAS WITH MY PAL PETE NEARLY EVERY SINGLE DAY...

CAPTAIN!

PIRATES OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!

PORT, PETE. LEFT IS PORT. RIGHT IS STARBOARD.

RIGHT! I MEAN STARBOARD! NO WAIT, I MEAN PORT!

I MEAN, *YOU'RE* TOTALLY STARBOARD, CAPTAIN, THEY'RE OFF TO PORT!

BOSUN PRIDE! INTERCEPT THAT VESSEL!

AYE, AYE!

FIRE AT WILL!

ARGH!

BOOM! KABOOM! BOOM!

PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS!

YARR! NOW TASTE THE STEEL OF CAPTAIN HOBB!

LOOK OUT! IT'S THE NOTORIOUS GREENBEARD!

AND THEN GREENBEARD THE TURTLE AND HIS THREE BROTHERS WOULD RAM THE SHIP!

AND EVERYONE WOULD FIGHT, AND IT WOULD BE TOTALLY AWESOME!

PETE.

BUT THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, ANOTHER SHIP WOULD...

PETE!

WHAT?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. I MEANT LIVING IN THE WATER, AWAY FROM NULL, AWAY FROM ALIEN INVASIONS, PSYCHOTIC FEDERAL AGENTS, NINJAS, EVERYTHING. AWAY FROM ALL OUR PROBLEMS.

BUT THEN YOU'D BE AWAY FROM ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.

COME ON, LET'S GO DEAL WITH HOB'S SITUATION.

PETE, DO ME A FAVOR.

ANYTHING.

DON'T MENTION ANY OF THAT TO HOB.

YOU GOT IT, RAY.

WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT, AGAIN?

THE END.

art by TOM VELEZ

UNIVERSE #25
"SPIRIT WALK"

art by FREDDIE E. WILLIAMS II
colors by JEREMY COLWELL

YO, LEO! YOU WANNA HANG?

LEAVE HIM BE, MIKEY. HE'S DOIN' SOME MEDITATION STUFF, OR WHATEVER.

MY BAD. GET YOUR ZEN ON, BRO!

THIS IS MORE THAN SIMPLE MEDITATION. THIS IS AN *EXPEDITION*.

WE'VE EACH TOUCHED THE ASTRAL PLANE...

...BUT OF MY BROTHERS, I HAVE THE STRONGEST CONNECTION.

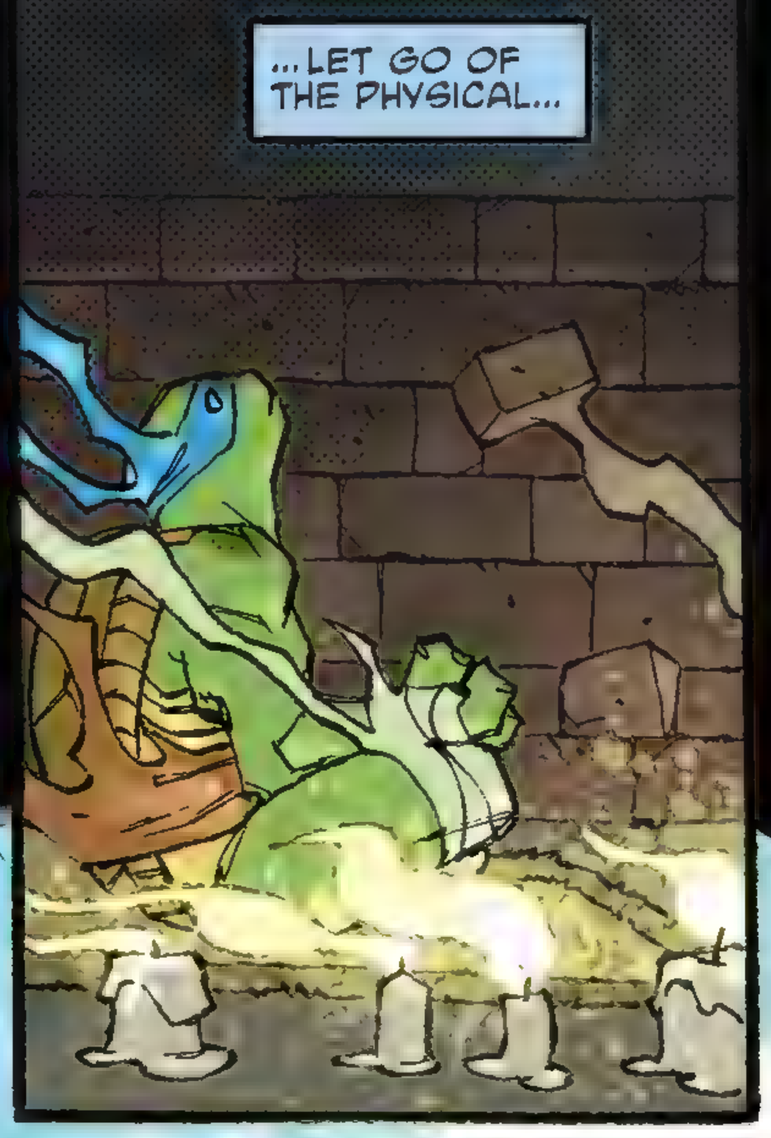
THAT PROVED TO BE THE KEY TO VICTORY OVER THE RAT KING.*

BUT IF WE ARE TO BE READY FOR WHATEVER IT IS THE PANTHEON HAS PLANNED...

...I NEED THAT CONNECTION TO BE *STRONGER*.

*See **TMNT #84** – B.C.

BREATHE...


...LET GO OF THE PHYSICAL...

...BE.

I'M HERE.

THE *ASTRAL PLANE.*

I FEEL LIKE I COULD DRIFT AWAY FOREVER...

NO.

I CAN'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN.

I HAVE TO FOCUS. ANCHOR MYSELF.

SO MUCH HARDER TO DO WHEN NOT IN BATTLE...

I AM *LEONARDO*. THE ELDEST OF MY BROTHERS. LEADER OF SPLIN—

—OF MY FATHER'S CLAN.

I'VE SO SELDOM HAD THE OPPERTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE THIS PLACE.

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME CRISIS.

IT'S UNSETTLING, HONESTLY.

BUT I GET THE FEELING I'M JUST AS DISTURBING— JUST AS ALIEN— TO THIS PLACE.

I AM A VISITOR HERE—OR, WORSE, A TRESPASSER.

I MUST BE RESPECTFUL OF THIS PLACE.

I CAN FEEL MYSELF... DRIFTING?

IT'S HARD TO MAINTAIN MY FOCUS, LIKE...

...WATER TRYING TO MAINTAIN ITS FORM WITHOUT A VASE.

JINGLE

JINGLE

LIKE A CANDLE'S FLAME CAUGHT IN THE—

—HAS THAT ALWAYS BEEN THERE?

IS THIS... A SHRINE? AN EFFIGY? DO THE SPIRITS OF THE ASTRAL PLANE WORSHIP THEMSELVES? OR... HIGHER POWERS?

NOW THERE'S A SCARY THOUGHT.

OH WELL, BETTER TO BE RESPECTFUL THAN DISRESPECTFUL.

JUST PASSING THROUGH. PLEASE EXCUSE ME—I HAVE NO OFFERING TO GIVE.

UH-OH...

...THIS PRESENTS A PROBLEM.

JUNGLE

IF I START HERE AND FOLLOW IT TO... THERE?

NO, THAT WOULD ONLY LEAD ME BACK TO... WAIT...

HAVING FUN?

WHOA!

I MEAN =AHEM= HELLO.

ARE YOU A SPIRIT OF THE ASTRAL PLANE?

I'M A LOCAL, YES.

MY NAME IS LEONARDO. I COME IN PEACE.

SUCH A WELL-MANNERED WHATEVER-YOU-ARE. CALL ME "DAN."

SO WHAT BRINGS A MORTAL LIKE YOU TO A PLANE LIKE THIS?

I'VE COME TO UNDERSTAND THIS PLACE MORE FULLY, AND TO BETTER TRAIN MYSELF FOR MY TIME HERE.

MM-HMM.

JINGLE

HALF-TRUTHS ARE ALWAYS SO MUCH MORE POTENT THAN LIES.

THEY SLIDE OFF THE TONGUE EASIER AND SLIP INTO THE EAR GENTLY.

OKAY, SO IT'S PARTLY COMBAT TRAINING. BUT I TRULY MEAN YOU AND THE REST OF THIS PLACE NO HARM.

KITSUNE— AND THE REST OF THE PANTHEON.

BETTER. SO WHO *ARE* YOU TRAINING FOR?

A MORTAL PICKING A FIGHT WITH THE PANTHEON!

AND YOU'VE COME HERE TO TEMPER YOURSELF? NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

CROSSING INTO THE ASTRAL PLANE WAS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE RAT KING.

OTHERWISE, MY BROTHERS AND I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SURVIVE, LET ALONE SAVE THE CHILDREN HE'D ENCHANTED.

WE'VE ALREADY MET WITH TOAD BARON AND MANMOTH, AND NEITHER OF THEM WERE PARTICULARLY HELPFUL.

I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE AKA IS ON OUR SIDE, BUT SHE'S SO MYSTERIOUS AND ALOOF, I CAN'T COUNT ON HER.

ALL I CAN RELY ON IS MY OWN STRENGTH, AND THE STRENGTH OF MY BROTHERS.

TO HELP THEM, I HAVE TO REFINE MY OWN SKILLS. SO... HERE I AM.

HOLY CRAP... YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THEN LET ME GIVE YOU SOME INSIGHT, NOBLE WARRIOR.

BEING MORTAL, YOU SEE THINGS AS FINITE. MASS AND DEPTH. EDGES AND BORDERS. BEGINNINGS AND ENDS.

EVEN YOUR CONCEPT OF TIME! YOU KNOW IT'S INFINITE, BUT YOU STILL DESCRIBE IT AS SECONDS AND MINUTES, HOURS AND DAYS! *OH HO HO!*

BUT IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT HERE. WE ARE THE ETHEREAL—ALL THINGS EXISTING THROUGH BELIEF AND INTERPRETATION.

SO IF WE *BELIEVE* THE WAY IS STRAIGHT-FORWARD...

JINGLE JINGLE

...IT IS!

WOW.

YOU'RE A DELIGHTFUL RUBE.

SO... THIS REALM WORKS ON "MIND OVER MATTER?" I CAN POTENTIALLY DO ANYTHING HERE?

EH... IN THEORY, BUT IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.

IT WOULD BE YOUR WILL WORKING AGAINST OTHERS', PLUS THE WILL OF THE ASTRAL PLANE ITSELF.

YOU WOULD BE JUST ONE FORCE IN AN EVER EBBING AND FLOWING STREAM OF ENERGIES.

A THROWN STONE WILL CAUSE RIPPLES, BUT IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE SHAPE OF THE LAKE.

HMM...

WHAT IF IT WAS A BIG ENOUGH ROCK, THOUGH? MAKING WAVES INSTEAD OF RIPPLES...

OR IF YOU DROPPED IT PARTIALLY ON THE SHORE, YOU'D BE CHANGING ITS SHAPE.

BY THAT I MEAN APPROACHING THE SITUATION FROM ANOTHER ANGLE.

PILE ENOUGH STONES IN THE LAKE, AND YOU'LL HAVE A MOUNTAIN.

AM I GETTING ANYWHERE WITH THIS, OR AM I STRETCHING YOUR METAPHOR?

...DAN?

YOU ARE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, LEONARDO.

KITSUNE!

YOU HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR. NAMELY YOUR ASSAULT OF MY BELOVED BROTHER, RAT KING.

"BELOVED?" I GOT THE IMPRESSION THE PANTHEON WAS A PRETTY DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY.

REGARDLESS. HE IS FAMILY, AND YOU HAD THE *GALL* TO ATTACK HIM ON THIS LEVEL OF EXISTENCE.

HE DIDN'T LEAVE US A LOT OF OPTIONS. HE WAS GOING TO MURDER *CHILDREN*.

MORTALS. MERELY A LARGER FORM OF VERMIN FOR HIM TO TOY WITH.

SEE— *THIS* IS WHY WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

IT IS WHY YOU'VE COME HERE TO ASSASSINATE ME!

NO! I WOULD NEVER—!

WHERE...?

IT'S NOT MY WAY! EITHER WE SETTLE THIS DIPLOMATICALLY, OR HONORABLY!

YOUR FATHER WOULD!

I AM *NOT* MY FATHER!

OH NO?

YOU WERE SO TIGHTLY KNIT YOU FOUND EACH OTHER ACROSS TWO LIFETIMES.

YOU WERE TRAINED IN HIS WAYS. MADE HEAD OF HIS HOUSEHOLD.

YOU ARE HIS BLOOD. HIS WILL. YOU LIVE BY HIS SWORD...

...NOW DIE BY IT!

I'D PREFER TO DEAL WITH MY DADDY ISSUE ON A COUCH WITH A SHRINK, BUT...

HYAH!

OBLIVION, MY SON! YOU ARE CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH!

YOU WILL MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES I DID! DIE BEFORE YOU SUFFER THAT DISHONOR!

I'VE LEARNED FROM YOUR MISTAKES! AND I'M STRONGER FOR IT!

YOU WOULD DENY ME?! IGNORE MY LEGACY?! FORGET YOUR LINEAGE?!

I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING THAT MAKES YOU WHO YOU ARE!

I KNOW.

I'VE BEEN WRESTLING WITH WHO I AM, WHO YOU BECAME, AND WHAT WE ARE FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE FOREVER.

SHUNK

I WILL FIND A WAY TO RECONCILE IT ALL. MY WAY. A NEW WAY. A BALANCED WAY.

OH-HO-HO! SO THIS IS YOUR ANSWER? TO DESTROY YOUR INNER DEMONS?

NO.

I'M FINDING ANOTHER WAY.

I MAY QUESTION MY FATHER'S CURRENT PATH. I *DO* WORRY WHAT HE CAN BECOME.

BUT I LOVE HIM. AND NOTHING YOU CAN SAY OR DO WILL CHANGE THAT.

...NO. I CAN SEE THAT. YOUR DEVOTION IS... ADMIRABLE.

BUT YOU ARE MERELY A PEBBLE TOSSED INTO THE OCEAN. YOU CANNOT STOP ME.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW BIG A SPLASH I CAN MAKE.

AND WITH MY BROTHERS? TOGETHER WE'LL TURN THE TIDE.

AHHH, BUT WHO WILL LEAD YOUR BROTHERS...

...AFTER I DEVOUR YOUR SOUL?!

I AM NOT READY FOR THIS.

IF THE OTHERS WERE SURROUNDING HER IN THE REAL WORLD, KICKING HER IN THE HEAD—

—I'D *STILL* NOT BE READY FOR THIS.

DAN SAID IT'S A MATTER OF *WILL*.

MY DESIRE TO LIVE HAS TO OVERPOWER HER DESIRE TO KILL ME.

I *REALLY* DON'T WANT TO DIE HERE.

SHE *REALLY* WANTS ME DEAD.

HOW'S THAT TRAINING GOING?

DAN! *RUN!* I WON'T BE ABLE TO PROTECT YOU!

PSSHT! WHY IS IT YOU MORTALS HAVE SUCH A GOD COMPLEX?

YOU PROTECT *ME?* *OH-HO-HO!*

OKAY, YOU'VE GOT ME THERE—

—DAN?

THANK YOU, MY FRIEND. I'LL REMEMBER TO BRING *TWO* OFFERINGS NEXT TIME.

I'M ONLY AS FAST AS I *BELIEVE* I AM. I CAN GO FASTER. I CAN—

—NOT OVERTHINK IT. MY BODY HASN'T MOVED. I'M NOT REALLY RUNNING!

I JUST NEED TO WAKE UP.

WAKE UP!

WAKE UP!

HEY-HEY! HOW'D IT GO, BRO?

CHEESY POOFS
SUPER SIZE

WHOA! YOU LOOK AWFUL!

YEAH... KITSUNE PUT ME THROUGH THE WRINGER.

SAY WHAT?!

RAPH! DON! OUR FEARLESS LEADER NEEDS SOME SERIOUS DE-STRESS-IFICATION!

DOCTOR MIKEY WILL GET HIS MEDICINE!

JEEZ—DONNIE DIDN'T LOOK AS BAD AS YOU WHEN HE WAS DEAD!

REAL SENSITIVE, RAPH.

WHAT? YOU GOT BETTER.

ARE YOU HURT?

NO, NO... JUST DRAINED. THANKS GUYS.

YOU JUST SIT BACK, RELAX, AND WATCH ME KICK OUR BROTHER'S ASS.

YOU KNOW *ONE* COMBO.

AND IT WORKS!

HERE YOU GO, BRO-MIGO. TWO HEAPIN' CCs OF PIZZA.

"CCs?"

CAPERS AND CALAMARI, NATCH.

NICE.

I CAN'T REST FOR LONG. WE HAVE SO MUCH TRAINING TO DO.

SO MUCH TO PREPARE FOR— TO OVERCOME.

BUT FOR NOW... I'LL SAVOR THIS MOMENT WITH MY BROS.

art by NELSON DANIEL

art by BRAHM REVEL

ISSUE #85

"THE DRIVER IS HERE TO TAKE ME TO THE *CAMPAIGN DONORS DINNER...*"

TCRI

...I TRUST YOU'LL SEE TO THE *RETRIEVAL* OF THE REMAINING *MOUSERS*, YES?

SURE, DOCTOR STOCKMAN. THERE'S ONLY *ONE MORE* TO ROUND UP AND I'VE GOT A *FLYBORG* TRACKING IT RIGHT NOW.

SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

GOOD. WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE CITY'S RAT INFESTATION FREE OF CHARGE AND I SEE *NO REASON* TO CONTINUE.

NEED I REMIND YOU THAT THIS IS A BUSINESS AND *NOT* A CHARITY?

I'M *FULLY AWARE* OF THAT FACT, DOCTOR.

BUT I *AM* WONDERING WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO WITH THE BUSINESS SIDE OF *TCRI* IF YOU GET ELECTED.

WON'T YOUR EXPENSIVE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS BE CONSIDERED *CONFLICTS OF INTEREST* AT THAT POINT?

PERHAPS. BUT I'M *NOT* MAYOR.

YET.

REMEMBER, APRIL—HE'S *YOUR* MONSTER. YOU MADE HIM.

DEAL WITH IT, GIRL.

SPEAKING OF MONSTERS, WHAT DO *YOU* HAVE FOR ME, YOU NASTY LITTLE BUG—

"—WHERE'S YOUR MOUSER PAL *HIDING*, HUH?"

700VS

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142

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20

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20

TARGET IN RANGE

THE MUSEUM?

"GUESS SOME RATS *DO* HAVE GOOD TASTE.

TARGET LOCATED

TARGET OFFLINE

"WAITASEC..."

...DEFINITELY *NOT* A RAT.

DID YOU FIND THAT *5/8TH WRENCH* YET, MIKEY?

NOPE. STILL *LOOKING*, DUDE.

SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE!

I GOT IT!

OW!

CLONK CLANG BANG

HAMATO WATER WORKS— WHICH DRIP DO YOU WANT?

DANG IT, MIKE! THAT *HURT!*

MIKEY, IT'S APRIL. IS DONNIE THERE?

OH, HEY, APRIL. YEAH, HE'S HERE. I'M HELPING HIM TRICK OUT OUR *SWEET NEW RIDE* IN HAROLD'S OLD LAB.

YOU'RE *NOT* HELPING!

HEY!

SWIPE

HE'S REALLY *NOT HELPING*, APRIL.

FORGET THAT FOR NOW, DONNIE. JUST PUT ME ON SPEAKER AND CHECK OUT THE *PICTURE* I TEXTED YOU.

YOU'RE *NEVER* GONNA GUESS *WHO'S* BACK IN TOWN.

WHOA. COOL DINOSAURS.

LOOK CLOSER, MIKE.

OH. YEAH.

MAYBE *NOT SO* COOL.

ARE YOU GUYS SEEING WHAT *I'M* SEEING?

YEAH, WE ARE, APRIL—

"—LOOKS LIKE CLAN HAMATO'S PAYING A VISIT TO *THE MUSEUM* TONIGHT."

WELL, WE'RE IN THE *RIGHT PLACE*...

...SOMEONE GOT *PHYSICAL* WITH THE PHYSICAL SECURITY.

GEE, I WONDER WHO?

IS HE OKAY?

YEAH— HE'S JUST *OUT COLD*.

SAME FOR THE *ELECTRONIC SECURITY*.

I'VE GOT ALL THE MOTION SENSORS AND SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS *JAMMED*.

BUT THAT MEANS WE CAN'T COMMUNICATE WITH *APRIL*, EITHER, AND WE'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT *THIRTY MINUTES* BEFORE THE SYSTEM FIGURES OUT IT'S BEEN COMPROMISED.

THEN WE BETTER GET MOVING.

TO THE *DINOSAURS*, RIGHT? SWEET!

HOO-STINKIN'-RAY.

THERE'S THE MOUSER.

DUDE. HE TORE THAT THING *UP*.

NO KIDDIN'.

YOU KNOW, I STILL DON'T GET WHY *WE* GOTTA BE THE FREAK POLICE.

GUYS, CHECK THIS OUT.

EW... IS THAT...?

BLOOD? YEAH.

THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE *ADJOINING EXHIBIT*.

OKAY, GUYS—SLOW AND EASY, AND EYES IN THE *BACKS* OF YOUR HEADS. WE KNOW HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE.

LET'S FIND *HIM* BEFORE HE FINDS *US*.

TOO LATE FOR *THAT*, I'M AFRAID...

...I RECOGNIZED YOUR *SCENTS* AS SOON AS YOU ENTERED THE BUILDING.

HELLO, TURTLES.

RAAARR!

PUT... PUT THOSE *AWAY*, STEVEN!

WE'RE HERE TO *TRAIN*, NOT PLAY WITH TOYS!

BUT TRAINING'S *BORING*.

AND THIS IS DEFINITELY *NOT* A TOY, MARY.

NO DUH.

YO, CHUNIN...

...NEED SOME *BACKUP*?

CASEY JONES?

JUST *CASEY'S* FINE.

AND I'VE GOT PLENTY OF *VANILLA ICE* CREAM IN CASE ANYONE WAS WONDERIN'.

ICE CREAM!

CONES ARE IN THE BAG AND HERE'S A SCOOPER.

YOU *BIG KIDS* TAKE CARE OF THE *SQUIRTS*.

THERE—THAT SHOULD KEEP 'EM BUSY FOR LIKE FIVE MINUTES.

THANK YOU, BUT... *HOW* DID YOU KNOW?

'BOUT THE KIDS? *MASTER SPLINTER* CALLED ME.

HE SAID YOU WERE STUCK WATCHIN' 'EM BY *YOURSELF* WHILE MIKEY WAS OFF DOIN' SOMETHIN' WITH DONNIE AND THAT MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU OUT.

MASTER SPLINTER? REALLY?

YEAH. GUESS HE DIDN'T WANNA LOSE HIS *BEST SOLDIER* TO A BUNCH OF WILD KIDS.

SPEAKIN' O' WHICH, I ALMOST DIDN'T *RECOGNIZE* YOU OUTTA YOUR NINJA DUDS. THE FOOT CLAN GET NEW UNIFORMS OR SOMETHIN'?

UM... NO. I JUST THOUGHT MY NORMAL CLOTHES MIGHT BE TOO *INTIMIDATING* TO THE SMALLER CHILDREN.

I DON'T WANT TO *SCARE* THEM—I'M JUST TRYING TO GET THEM TO EXERCISE.

WELL, YOU DEFINITELY AIN'T SCARY, *THAT'S* FOR SURE.

I, *UM*... THANKS.

ANYWAY, ONCE THAT SUGAR KICKS IN, YOU WON'T HAVE *ANY* PROBLEM GETTIN' THESE KIDS TO EXERCISE. YOU MIGHT WANNA GET A CONE OF YOUR OWN SO YOU CAN *KEEP UP* WITH 'EM.

HOPE YOU LIKE *VANILLA*, JENNIKA.

JUST *JENNY* IS FINE.

AND VANILLA'S MY *FAVORITE*.

HEH. MINE, TOO... JENNY.

"WELL, I CERTAINLY DIDN'T EXPECT *THIS*..."

...A *MIDNIGHT VISIT* FROM OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* HERE, LEATHERHEAD?

NOTHING MORE THAN IT APPEARS. ENJOYING ALL THE *NATURAL BEAUTY* THIS MUSEUM HAS ON DISPLAY.

QUIETLY REMINDING MYSELF OF THE *IMPORTANCE* OF MY CHOSEN PURPOSE.

OR AT LEAST I *WAS* UNTIL THAT MECHANICAL MONSTROSITY *ATTACKED* ME UNPROVOKED.

"THE METAL BEAST TOOK *TWO* OF MY *FINGERS* BEFORE I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO TAKE ITS ARTIFICIAL LIFE."

AND WHAT ABOUT THAT *SECURITY GUARD* YOU WALLOPED?

THE OLD HUMAN? HE, TOO, ACCOSTED ME FOR NO REASON, AND I COULD HAVE *EASILY* KILLED HIM. BUT I CHOSE *NOT* TO.

THE STENCH OF DEATH WAS *ALREADY* UPON HIM. DISEASE WILL DESTROY HIM SOON ENOUGH.

MAYBE. BUT YOU STILL *HURT* HIM, AND WE CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT TO ANYONE ELSE.

WE'VE *SEEN* WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF.

IS THAT SO?

AND IS *THAT* WHY YOU'VE COME HERE, LEONARDO? TO SEND ME *BACK* TO DIMENSION X AND YOUR NEUTRINO FRIENDS FOR PROSECUTION?

ONE WOULD THINK THEY'D *CELEBRATE* MY RETURN AFTER I DEVOURED GENERAL KRANG.*

*See TMNT #75 - B.C.

WHAT *ARE* WE GONNA DO WITH HIM, LEO? YOU GOT A *PLAN*, RIGHT?

I'M... *WORKING* ON IT.

WELL, MAKE IT *QUICK*.

CLOCK'S TICKING.

LOOK—WE'RE NOT HERE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO DIMENSION X.

THE UTROMS ASKED THE NEUTRINOS TO LET YOU OFF THE HOOK AND THAT'S *GOOD ENOUGH* FOR US.

YEAH. FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED, YOU DID THE UNIVERSE A *SOLID* BY CHOKIN' DOWN KRANG.

THEN WHAT IS IT YOU *DO* WANT?

HOW ABOUT A *TRUCE* FOR STARTERS?

WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO WORK OUT PEACE BETWEEN THE UTROMS AND THE TRICERATONS—WHY SHOULD IT BE *ANY DIFFERENT* WITH US?

YEAH, LEATHER-BRO, WE'RE *ALL* MUTANTS HERE.

WE SHOULD TOTALLY BE FRIENDS.

FRIENDS, YOU SAY?

IN TRUTH, WE SHOULDN'T *BE* AT ALL.

OH, GREAT... *HERE* WE GO.

AT LEAST LET US HELP YOU WITH YOUR *HAND*, DUDE.

YOU DON'T WANNA GET AN *INFECTION*.

INFECTION? HOW REDUNDANT. WE ARE *ALREADY* INFECTIONS—WE MUTANTS.

LIKE THE FETID SICKNESS INSIDE THE OLD MAN I WAYLAID, A CANCER UPON THIS WORLD WITH ONLY *ONE* LOGICAL REMEDY.

AS FOR MY FINGERS, THESE ARE NOT THE *FIRST* APPENDAGES I'VE LOST IN MY LONG LIFE.

THEY WILL *RETURN*, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS HAVE IN THE PAST.

UM, ARE YOU *SURE*? NO OFFENSE, BUT I'M PRETTY CERTAIN ALLIGATORS CAN ONLY REGENERATE TEETH.

WHICH IS *PRECISELY* MY POINT, DONATELLO— I AM *NOT* NORMAL.

NONE OF US ARE.

OKAY, *THAT'S* IT. I CAN'T TAKE THIS *CRAP* ANYMORE.

MAN, YOU'RE *ALWAYS* TALKIN' BOUT HOW WE'RE MONSTERS, HOW WE DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE, *BLAH BLAH BLAH*.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? *ALL* I'M HEARIN' IS A PATHETIC WIMP *FEELIN' SORRY* FOR HIMSELF.

I ALREADY CHUCKED MY GUTS OUT ONCE THIS WEEK, AND I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DO IT *AGAIN* IF I GOTTA HEAR ANY MORE OF YOUR WHININ'.

C'MON, RAPH—CHILL, BRO. POOR DUDE'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

YEAH? AND WE *HAVEN'T?* 'CEPT YOU DON'T SEE NONE OF *US* QUITTIN' JUST BECAUSE LIFE AIN'T FAIR.

YOU HATE LIVIN' IN THIS WORLD SO MUCH, DO SOMETHIN' *ABOUT* IT.

PUT UP OR SHUT UP.

TURTLE, I WILL—

YOU WILL *WHAT?*

IMPOSSIBLE.

WHAT *WILL* YOU DO, YOU MEWLING MONSTROSITY?

THIS... THIS *CAN'T* BE. I...

I *KILLED* YOU.

WHO'S HE TALKING TO?

THEY *AIN'T REAL*, BRAINIAC.

THE CAVE DUDES, DUDE.

I *KNOW* THAT, RAPH—

"—BUT I'M PRETTY SURE *LEATHERHEAD* DOESN'T."

DID YOU THINK YOURSELF *RID* OF ME, LEATHERHEAD? DID YOU BELIEVE ME GONE?

YOU *ARE* GONE! I KILLED YOU!

AND I WILL AGAIN!

CHOMP

PITIFUL BEAST. ALWAYS A *SLAVE*...

HOW—?

...ALWAYS A *PRISONER*.

NO.

GUYS, I DON'T LIKE HOW HE'S *LOOKING* AT US.

DID YOU REALLY HAVE TO *PUSH* HIM OVER THE EDGE, RAPH?

HEY, HE WAS *ALREADY* BONKERS BEFORE I STARTED.

EVERYTHING'S *COOL*, LEATHERHEAD. JUST CALM DOWN.

THIS DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A *FIGHT*.

HE'S RIGHT. YOU'D ONLY *LOSE*, LEATHERHEAD.

DIE!

LOOK OUT!

GAHH!

GAHH!

FLUMP

WORTHLESS...

DON'T *CALL* ME THAT.

HEY, BIG FELLA, TAKE IT EASY. I'M NOT CALLING YOU *ANYTHING*.

AND *WEAK*.

SHUT UP!

WHAP

UNF!

BONK

UH-OH.

KRWWBBL

MIKEY!

NNNNG...

HOW FITTING THAT HE'S LYING IN THE DEAD REMAINS OF A *FAILED* SPECIES.

IT SEEMS YOUR PRECIOUS *MOTHER NATURE* ALWAYS RECTIFIES HER *MISTAKES* AFTER ALL.

YOU ARE NOT WORTHY TO *SPEAK* OF HER, KRA—

GET *AWAY* FROM HIM, LEATHERHEAD!

KRAK

WHUD

WHAT THE HELL'S *WRONG* WITH YOU, MAN?

YOU OKAY, MIKE?

YEAH, BRO... I'M GOOD. JUST SOME *BROKEN BONES*.

HEH.

YOU LOSE SOME *BRAINS* ALONG WITH THOSE DIGITS?

I... I...

WHAT'S IT GONNA *BE*, ALLIGATOR SHOES?

YOU DONE BEIN' *STUPID* OR WHAT?

YES, YOU WRETCHED COWARD...

...WHAT *WILL* IT BE?

FIGHT...

KXXZ

...OR FLIGHT?

NO!

WHOA!

LEAVE ME ALONE!

SMMSOH

I KILLED YOU!

NO MORE!

WHAT THE—?

NO MORE!

OKAY, *THAT* WASN'T TOO WEIRD.

IF HE WAS NUTS BEFORE, HE'S *TOTALLY* OFF HIS ROCKER NOW.

BUT CAN YOU REALLY *BLAME* HIM? BEING TORTURED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS IS *BOUND* TO DESTROY YOUR PSYCHE.

POOR GUY.

WHATEVER IT IS, THAT'S THE *LAST* TIME WE COME AFTER HIM *WITHOUT* A SOLID PLAN. THAT WAS A TOTAL DISASTER.

MY BAD, GUYS.

DON'T *SWEAT IT*, BRO—

"—THERE AIN'T *NO* EASY WAY TO PLAN FOR CRAZY."

"SIR, YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK *THIS* OUT."

WHAT *IS* IT, SOLDIER?

ON MONITOR THREE, AGENT BISHOP...

...ONE OF OUR DRONES PICKED UP AN *UNIDENTIFIED BOGEY.*

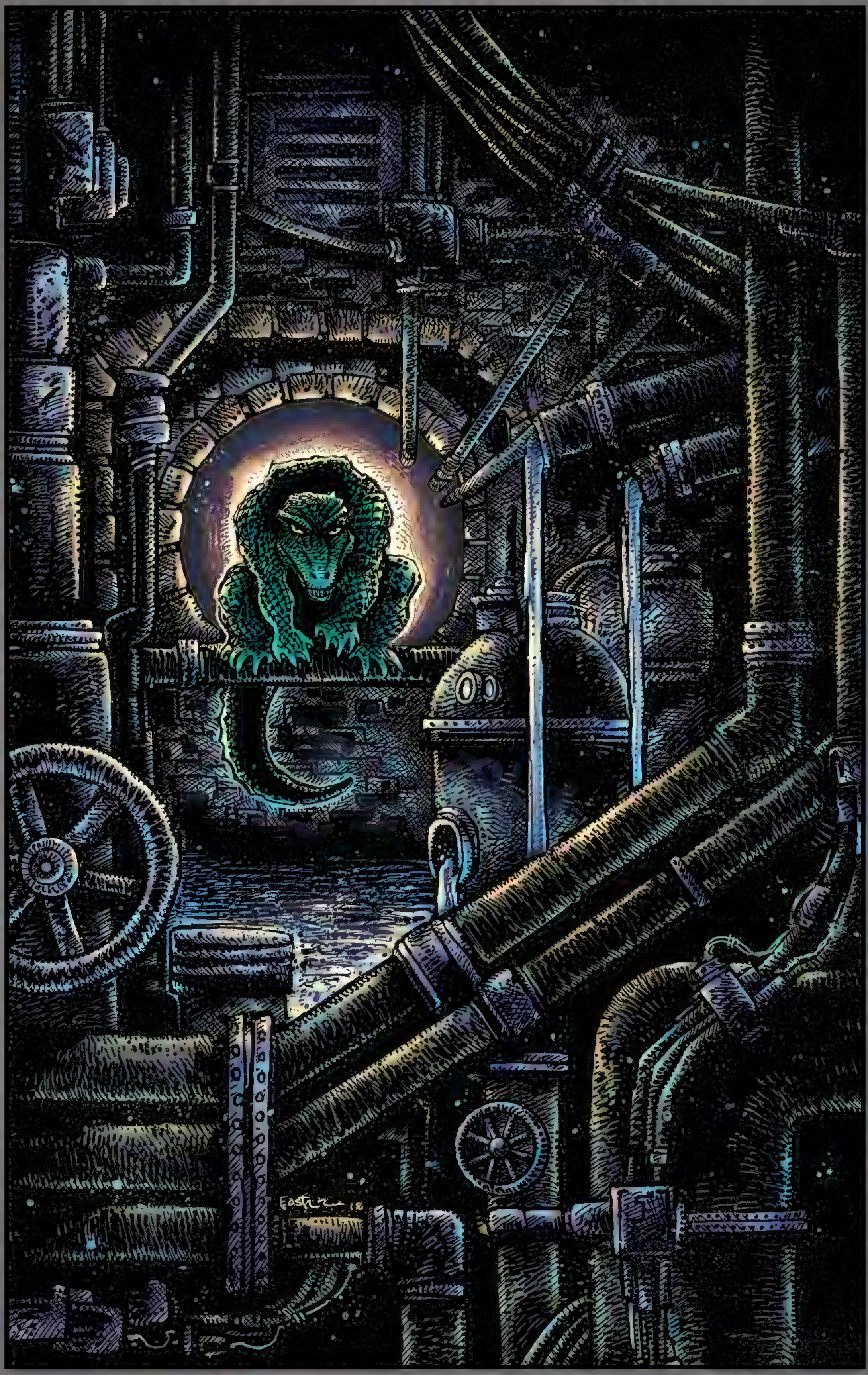
FASCINATING.

BE SURE TO *ARCHIVE* THIS FOOTAGE IMMEDIATELY, SOLDIER.

I'LL WANT TO *REVIEW* THIS AGAIN VERY SOON.

BUT FOR NOW...

"...I HAVE *UNFINISHED BUSINESS* TO TAKE CARE OF."



art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #86

BURNOW ISLAND.

BRAVO IN POSITION. STANDING BY FOR *I.E.D. SWEEP.* OVER.

EPF

EPF

EPF

YOU *HEARD* THE LIEUTENANT...

...RELEASE THE *BOMB-SNIFFERS.*

AND BRING ME THE *SLASH WEAPON.*

EPF

BISHOP

SLASH WEAPON INBOUND.
WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP
PACKAGE DELIVERED.
CHING
CHING
WHOMP
EXCELLENT.
LET'S *CONTINUE* THE INVASION, SHALL WE?

THE *TCRI* OFFICES.

DEFINITELY A PERSON WHO LIKES TO GET OUT *IN FRONT* OF THINGS, AREN'T YOU, AGENT BISHOP?

SO AM *I*.

"*SOMEONE'S* GOTTA KEEP AN EYE ON YOU AND DR. STOCKMAN."

PSYCHOTIC, POWER-HUNGRY, MEGALOMANIACS—

—NEVER A *DULL MOMENT*, I SWEAR.

Contacts

D Donnie

HAROLD LILJA'S LAB.

PLEASE TELL ME YOU DON'T HAVE *BAD NEWS*, APRIL.

WELL, IF I *DID*, I'D BE LYING.

GREAT.

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE CLAN HAMATO LAIR.

BZZ BZZ

HEY, WHAT'S UP, DON?

YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE WHAT'S HAPPENING, LEO.

THE FOOT CLAN HEADQUARTERS.

ARE YOU *SERIOUS*, DUDE?

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, MIKEY.

THAT WAS DONNIE, GUYS.

I TOTALLY GOTTA GO.

THE STREETS OF NYC.

YEAH, HE'S HERE, DONNIE. KINDA *BUSY* RIGHT NOW, THOUGH.

YO, RAPH—DONNIE WANTS YOU TO CALL HIM. SAID IT'S *IMPORTANT*.

AW, MAN...

IT'S PRETTY *URGENT*, ANGEL. CAN YOU TELL HIM TO CALL ME *ASAP*, PLEASE?

"...WHAT *NOW?*"

MOVE! MOVE!

COMMANDER ZOM, THIS IS CORPORAL SHERP...

...DEFENSIVE PERIMETER ESTABLISHED AND AWAITING ORDERS.

HOLD YOUR FIRE AND HUNKER DOWN FOR NOW, CORPORAL—YOU KNOW WHAT COMES *NEXT.*

ROGER THAT, MA'AM.

WHAT IS HAPPENING, COMMANDER? WHY HAVEN'T THE HUMANS *ATTACKED* YET?

THEY WILL.

"AFTER THEIR MINESWEEPERS *CLEAR* A PATH..."

...AND THEIR AIRCRAFT AND ARTILLERY *SOFTEN* US UP FIRST.

HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT *I* WOULD DO, WERE I INVADING.

THIS WAS INEVITABLE. THE HUMAN BISHOP WAS *BOUND* TO SEEK RETRIBUTION AFTER OUR RECENT CONFLICT, BUT I HAD HOPED WE'D HAVE *MORE TIME* TO ESTABLISH ADEQUATE DEFENSES.

AND AFTER BOTH OUR PEOPLES WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD *PEACE* TOGETHER.

AND *THAT'S* JUST IT, CHURK! ALL THIS TIME WASTED MAKING "NICE" WITH EACH OTHER HAS LEFT US *WHOLLY UNPREPARED* TO FIGHT.

FASHIONING PEACE IS *NEVER* A WASTE OF TIME, CORPORAL MONTUORO, *ESPECIALLY* IN THE FACE OF WAR.

NO? WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE SAYING THE *SAME THING* WHEN THIS FACILITY IS NOTHING BUT RUBBLE AND WE'RE ALL BURIED UNDERNEATH IT, ADVISOR MA'RIELL.

THE *TRUTH* IS WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT COMPLETELY OFF GUARD BY THESE DISGUSTING HUMANS... AND I DON'T GET THE FEELING THEY'RE LOOKING TO "FASHION" PEACE ANY TIME SOON.

AND THE *REAL WARRIORS* WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO CRUSH THE INVADERS ARE EITHER MISSING OR LOCKED UP... OR WORSE.

PEACE?

BAH!

CORPORAL MONTUORO IS RIGHT—DESPITE THEIR RECENT *TREACHERY*, HAVING WARRIORS LIKE TROOPER DREL AND LIEUTENANT KLEVE AT OUR SIDES WOULD BE EXTREMELY BENEFICIAL RIGHT NOW.

BUT, MA'AM... DREL NEARLY *ASSASSINATED* YOU.*

YES—AND SITS IN THE *BRIG* AS A RESULT, YOT. RIGHTFULLY SO.

*See TMNT:UNIVERSE #22 - B.C

BUT PERHAPS THE RIGHT *THING* TO DO NOW IS TO RELEASE HIM. WE NEED *EVERY* ABLE SOLDIER AVAILABLE TO US, JUST AS MONTUORO SAID.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE WITH LIEUTENANT KLEVE. HE REMAINS *UNACCOUNTED* FOR FOLLOWING THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT AGAINST YOU.

BWOOOM BWOOOM

INCOMING, COMMANDER!

EVERYONE, GET DOWN!

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

I'VE GOT YOU, MA'RIELL!

UTROM ARMOR— RETURN FIRE!

ZBOW ZBOW ZBOW

GYAH!

AWUP AWUP

"WELL, IT APPEARS THERE'S *NO TURNING BACK* NOW—"

—IS EVERYONE OKAY?

WE ARE FINE, COMMANDER. BUT *YOU*... YOU'RE WOUNDED.

A SCRATCH. NOTHING MORE.

BUT *MORE* IS WHAT WE NEED— EVERY SOLDIER AVAILABLE TO US, AS YOU SAID. I SEE THAT NOW.

AND I *KNOW* WHAT I MUST DO, CREATOR HELP US ALL.

THIS IS CORPORAL MONTUORO. OVER.

REPORT, CORPORAL.

SIR... *IT'S TIME.*

"WHAT *TIME* IS IT..."

...AND *WHERE* THE HECK'S RAPH?

WHO KNOWS? HE TEXTED THAT HE WAS ON HIS WAY ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. HE SHOULD'VE *BEEN HERE* BY NOW.

GUYS... SHH! *BAXTER'S* COMING ON.

DOCTOR STOCKMAN, YOU'VE ANNOUNCED YOUR CANDIDACY FOR MAYOR, BUT YOU'VE *YET* TO DECLARE WHICH OF THE TWO MAIN POLITICAL PARTIES YOU WILL BE REPRESENTING DURING THE ELECTION.

THAT'S BECAUSE I *WON'T* BE REPRESENTING *EITHER*, IRMA. I HAVE GOTTEN TO WHERE I AM IN THIS LIFE—QUITE *SUCCESSFULLY*, I MIGHT ADD—BY ADAMANTLY CLINGING TO MY *INDIVIDUALITY* AND MY *FREE WILL*.

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CHANNEL 6 EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

AND I WON'T ABDICATE *EITHER* OF THOSE FOR ANY SO-CALLED IDEOLOGIES OF THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT, POLITICAL OR OTHERWISE.

I THINK FOR *MYSELF* AND I MAKE MY *OWN* DECISIONS.

SO... YOU'RE AN *INDEPENDENT* IN THIS RACE, DOCTOR?

AN INDEPENDENT IN *ALL THINGS*, MISS LANGENSTEIN.

MAN, TURN THAT THING *OFF*, MIKE—

—AIN'T IT BAD ENOUGH WE GOTTA SEE THAT JERK-FACE SO MUCH IN *REAL LIFE?*

CLIK

FINALLY.

WHAT *TOOK* YOU SO LONG, RAPH?

WHAT—AM I ON A *TIME CLOCK* NOW OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU *ARE* WHEN WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE *E.P.F.*

YEAH. THIS IS *SERIOUS* BUSINESS. THE UTROMS AND THE TRICERATONS ARE IN TROUBLE.

WHEN *AREN'T* THEY?

'SIDES, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS DOIN' *WASN'T* SERIOUS BUSINESS, TOO?

I DON'T THINK BEATING UP A BUNCH OF THUGS WITH YOUR FRIENDS *COUNTS*, RAPH.

REALLY? TELL THAT TO THE OLD LADY WE SAVED FROM GETTIN' *MUGGED*.

LOOK—NOBODY'S SAYING YOUR PATROLS WITH ANGEL AND ALOPEX AREN'T IMPORTANT, RAPH.

WE *ALL* HAVE OTHER THINGS WE'D RATHER BE DOING THAN HEADING BACK TO BURNOW ISLAND, BUT THIS REALLY *IS* A BIG DEAL AND—

AND WE CAN'T IGNORE IT, AS MUCH AS WE *WISH* WE COULD.

WHY NOT? I MEAN, YEAH, THE TRICERATONS ARE OUR FRIENDS—I GUESS—BUT THE UTROMS AIN'T EXACTLY ON OUR CHRISTMAS LIST.

AND AS MUCH AS I HATE AGENT BUTTSHIP, IT AIN'T LIKE HE'S GOIN' AFTER *US* RIGHT NOW. HE'S TECHNICALLY ATTACKIN' A FOREIGN COUNTRY WITH ITS OWN RULES AND ITS OWN ARMY.

WHAT IF BISHOP DECIDES TO INVADE SWEDEN TOMORROW—WOULD WE GO *THERE*, TOO?

I'M MAKING *SENSE*, RIGHT, DON?

IN THEORY, YEAH. BUT... BUT THIS IS *DIFFERENT*. WE SENT THE TRICERATONS TO BURNOW ISLAND, AND I HELPED BROKER THEIR PEACE ACCORD WITH THE UTROMS.

EVEN IF WE'RE NOT LEGALLY OBLIGATED TO INTERVENE, WE *ARE* KINDA RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S HAPPENING.

MORE THAN KINDA.

RAPH'S RIGHT.

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

I SAID, YOU'RE RIGHT, DUDE. MAYBE WE *SHOULD* SIT THIS ONE OUT.

I MEAN, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING *BAD* TO HAPPEN TO OUR FRIENDS, BUT THEY'RE ALL *GROWN-UPS.*

AND THE ORPHANS WITH THE FOOT CLAN ARE JUST *LITTLE KIDS*, AND IF I'M NOT HERE—

MIKE, THOSE KIDS WILL BE FINE. THEY'RE *SAFE* THERE WITH JENNIKA.

I KNOW THAT, LEO. WITH CASEY, TOO. IT'S *JUST*...

...WHAT IF FATHER TRIES TO TURN THEM INTO *FOOT SOLDIERS* WHEN I'M GONE?

FATHER WON'T DO THAT. AND *NEITHER* WILL JENNY.

BUT...

I *KNOW* THEY WON'T.

I ALSO KNOW THAT EVEN IF BISHOP ISN'T COMING AFTER US TODAY, HE *WILL* EVENTUALLY.

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME, UNLESS WE TAKE A PAGE OUT OF FATHER'S PLAYBOOK AND *BEAT HIM* TO THE PUNCH.

WAIT—YOU'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT *KILLING* HIM, ARE YOU?

NO... NO KILLING.

WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT IS USING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF BURNOW ISLAND TO OUR ADVANTAGE. WE'VE BEEN THERE, AND WE KNOW THE LAY OF THE LAND—*HE* DOESN'T.

PLUS, WE KNOW THE TRICERATONS AND UTROMS WON'T GO DOWN EASY, SO WHILE BISHOP'S BUSY FIGHTING THEM, WE MOVE IN *COVERTLY* TO TAKE HIM DOWN.

WE DON'T HAVE TO KILL HIM—BUT WE CAN MAKE SURE THE TECHNODROME BECOMES HIS *PERMANENT* HOME.

I'LL BET COMMANDER ZOM AND MA'RIELL CAN FIND *SECURE ACCOMMODATIONS* FOR HIM, NO PROBLEM.

AND MAYBE WE CAN SAVE *SLASH*, TOO, DUDES.

I WAS THINKING THAT *SAME THING*, MIKEY.

THING IS, I KNOW DONNIE CAN HANDLE THE TECHNICAL STUFF, BUT WE'RE DEFINITELY GONNA NEED HELP *MOVING* HIM.

HELP? WHO'S GONNA—

OH, *WHY* DO I EVEN ASK?

FWUP

IT APPEARS THE NATIVES ARE GETTING *RESTLESS*, HEY, CAPTAIN MITCHELL?

YES, SIR!

THOUGH, TO BE COMPLETELY HONEST, *WE* ARE THE NATIVES...

...AND *THEY* ARE THE INTRUDERS.

WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME—THESE LONG RANGE SHOTS ARE HAVING NO EFFECT!

TIME TO DRIVE OUR GUNS *DOWN* THEIR THROATS!

NO! WAIT!

NOT YET!

WE'LL HANDLE THIS, CAPTAIN.

RAAAGH!

KRAKOOM

NO!

SKRUD

OH, YES.

WELL, WOULD YOU *LOOK* AT THAT.

HGGK... GLGKK...

HOW VERY INTRIGUING.

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. JULY 7, 1947.

WELL, IT'S *INTRIGUING*, ALL RIGHT.

AND DAMNED UGLY. WHO ALL *KNOWS* ABOUT THIS, MAJOR MARCEL?

WHAT DOES MR. BRAZEL DO?

BESIDES US, JUST THE SHERIFF AND THE BRAZEL FAMILY. MR. BRAZEL'S THE ONE WHO *FOUND* IT.

HE'S THE *FOREMAN* AROUND HERE.

HE SEEMS TWITCHY. DO YOU *TRUST* HIM?

MACK? SURE, HE'S A *GOOD AMERICAN*...

"...HE'S JUST *CONFUSED* AS ALL GET-OUT BY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE."

CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME HIM.

WHAT *IS* GOING ON HERE, AGENT BISHOP?

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW, MAJOR—AND EVEN IF I *DID*, I WOULDN'T BE AUTHORIZED TO SAY.

FOR NOW, HAVE YOUR PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER GET WORD OUT TO THE PRESS THAT THE RAAF FOUND A *FLYING SAUCER* OUT HERE.

THEN WE'LL DEBUNK THAT WITH A FOLLOW-UP *WEATHER BALLOON* STORY.

THE BEST DISINFORMATION IS *CONFLICTING INFORMATION*, AFTER ALL.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...I'LL GET THIS THING TO OUR LABS TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT KIND OF *MONSTER* WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE.

MONSTER...

YOU WERE *RIGHT*, DAD.

STOMP

YOU WERE RIGHT.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL?

S-SIR?

PREPARE YOUR TROOPS FOR THE *MAIN ASSAULT.*

"SO, YOU WANNA JUMP INTO THE MIDDLE OF *ANOTHER WAR*, HUH?"

YOU FOUR SURE LIKE STICKIN' YOUR SNOUTS WHERE THEY GOT *NO BUSINESS* BEIN' STUCK, DON'T YA?

NOT *ALL FOUR* OF US DON'T.

AND NOW YOU WANT *OUR* HELP DOIN' IT.

WE JUST THOUGHT—

YOU JUST THOUGHT WE'D TAKE THIS ONE A LITTLE MORE *PERSONAL* THAN NORMAL.

WELL, IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, 'CAUSE YOU'RE RIGHT—THIS *IS* PERSONAL.

SO, YOU TURTLES JUST *POINT* US IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION...

...AND THE MUTANIMALS WILL BRING THE FIREPOWER.

BWOOM
WOOSH
BWOOM
BRRRRAAAARRAAP
WOOSH
"THE ENEMY'S BARRAGE HAS ESCALATED..."
...WHICH MEANS THEIR GROUND FORCES ARE PREPARING TO BREACH.
THEN WE BEST BE QUICK.
TECHNICAL SPECIALIST LEESHAWN, IS EVERYTHING READY?
YES, ADVISOR MA'RIELL. REVITALIZATION PROCESS COMPLETE...
"...RELEASING SUBJECT NOW."
I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW I FEEL ABOUT THIS, MA'RIELL. WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET, IT'S TRUE, BUT WE TRICERTONS HAVE A LONG, BLOODY HISTORY WITH YOUR BROTHER.
HE WAS NO LESS A WAR CRIMINAL THAN KRANG. PERHAPS WORSE.
KOFF KOFF
YES. BUT HE IS ALSO A MARTIAL GENIUS.
WE MAY NOT WANT HIM IN THE FIGHT, BUT WE MIGHT FIND HIS EXPERTISE INVALUA—
—WAIT.
THIS IS NOT MY BROTHER!
HEH.
NO, IT IS NOT. LIEUTENANT KLEVE TOOK MY PLACE WHILE I MADE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.
IF IT'S CAPABLE WARRIORS YOU SEEK...

...THEN LOOK *NO FURTHER.*

CH'RELL!

YES, SISTER, *I* AM HERE.

AND IT APPEARS *YOU* HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY WHILE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #87

BURNOW ISLAND.

YOU SEEM *SURPRISED* TO SEE ME.

THEN IMAGINE *MY* SURPRISE WHEN I WAS AWAKENED FROM STASIS BY GOOD LIEUTENANT KLEVE, ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT MY IMPRISONMENT WAS THE DOING OF MY *VERY OWN PEOPLE*...

...THE VERY *SAME* PEOPLE WHOM I'VE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF MY EXISTENCE FIGHTING AND RISKING MY LIFE FOR.

AND THEN I LEARN THAT GENERAL KRANG WAS *ALSO* ALLOWED TO BE MADE A PRISONER AND TRIED AS A WAR CRIMINAL BY THE ACCURSED NEUTRINOS—

—ONLY TO BE UNCEREMONIOUSLY *SWALLOWED WHOLE* BY ONE OF THIS FILTHY PLANET'S HELLISH CREATURES?

AND NOW I DISCOVER YOU'VE *ALIGNED* YOURSELF WITH THE VERY BEASTS WE ONCE CREATED AND WHO SERVED US UNTIL THEY FELL INTO DAMNABLE TREASON?

WELL... ON SECOND THOUGHT, SURPRISED SEEMS AN *UNDERWHELMING* DESCRIPTION FOR HOW I FEEL RIGHT NOW.

SHOCKED AND DISAPPOINTED WOULD BE *MORE* ACCURATE...

...DEAREST *SISTER*.

CH'RELL, YOU MUST *UNDERSTAND*. WE—

STOP RIGHT THERE. EVEN NOW, YOU *DARE* TO TELL ME WHAT I "MUST" DO?

THE UTTER *AUDACITY*, MA'RIELL.

LIEUTENANT TRAGG—YOU AND GRANITOR KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE DOOR... *AND* THE TRICERATON.

COPY THAT, COLONEL.

CORPORAL MONTUORO—SEE TO LIEUTENANT KLEVE.

YES, *SIR!*

NOW, WE ARE *ADULT* UTROMS, ARE WE NOT, SISTER?

NO NEED TO *SHOUT* ACROSS THE ROOM AT EACH OTHER.

THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH, CH'RELL. WE CAN HEAR YOU *FINE* FROM THERE.

I WASN'T SPEAKING TO *YOU*... COMMANDER ZOM, IS IT?

AND YOU WOULD BE *WISE* TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE—

"—I'M NOT THE *ONLY* FORMER PRISONER HERE WITH A BONE OR TWO TO PICK."

SO... FORCED STASIS—OF YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD, NO LESS. *REALLY*, MA'RIELL?

IT... IT WAS A *COLLECTIVE DECISION*, BROTHER. BY THE TIME THE REST OF US HAD BEEN AWAKENED, GENERAL KRANG HAD *ALREADY* BEEN ARRESTED FOR WAR CRIMES.

ONCE WE LEARNED OF THE *SCALE* OF KRANG'S ATROCITIES, WE BELIEVED IT WAS IN OUR BEST INTERESTS TO *CO-EXIST* WITH THIS PLANET'S NATIVES RATHER THAN FOLLOW DOWN KRANG'S DESTRUCTIVE PATH.

AND WE KNEW THAT *YOU* WOULD NOT AGREE, KRANG LOYALIST THAT YOU ARE, SO THE DECISION WAS MADE TO *HOLD* YOU IN STASIS.

WE COULD NOT RISK ALLOWING YOU TO *CONTINUE* KRANG'S GENOCIDE.

AND IN TURN, THE NATIVES ARE BRINGING GENOCIDE TO *US*.

YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE *PROBLEM* WITH YOU SCIENTISTS AND ARTISTS.

YOU SPEND ALL YOUR LIVES STUDYING AND EXPERIMENTING IN SOME DESPERATE SEARCH FOR ANSWERS TO HOW THINGS *REALLY* WORK...

...WHEN WE SOLDIERS ALREADY HAVE *ALL* THE BLOODSTAINED EVIDENCE WE NEED.

BUT NOW'S *NOT* THE TIME FOR PHILOSOPHICAL OR POLITICAL ARGUMENTS.

WE CAN DEBATE THE MORALITY OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME AND MY SOLDIERS *LATER*, MA'RIELL.

THE ENEMY IS *AT* THE GATES—

"—NOW IS THE TIME FOR *KILLING.*"

IT APPEARS OUR ENEMIES HAVE CONSTRUCTED A *HASTILY* BUILT DEFENSE AT BEST, CAPTAIN MITCHELL.

COPY THAT, AGENT BISHOP...

EPF

BISHOP

...THEY'RE *SCRAMBLING* TO GET DUG IN, THAT'S FOR SURE.

LET'S NOT *GIVE* THEM THAT OPPORTUNITY, SHALL WE?

CAPTAIN, INFORM OUR AIRCRAFT AND SHIPS TO *CEASE* THEIR BOMBARDMENT.

IT'S *OUR* TURN.

EPF

THINGS ARE GETTING *HAIRIER* ON THE ISLAND—

—LOOKS LIKE BISHOP'S ABOUT TO UNLEASH THE *CAVALRY* BIG TIME.

YOU GUYS *SURE* YOU WANNA DO THIS?

NO, NOT BY A *LONG SHOT*...

...BUT THERE'S *NO WAY* WE CAN LEAVE MA'RIELL AND THE OTHERS HANGING, EITHER. NOT IN GOOD CONSCIENCE, AT LEAST.

I'VE GOT THE *TELEPORTER* FIRED UP AND READY TO GO, AND LINDSEY AND SEYMOUR ARE GONNA KEEP AN *EYE* ON THINGS IN HAROLD'S LAB WHILE WE'RE GONE.

WELL, I'LL DO MY BEST BUT... TELEPORTATION ISN'T EXACTLY MY *SPECIALTY*.

THAT'S OKAY, LINDSEY...

...I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU FROM *THIS* END. I WISH WE COULD ALL DO IT FROM TCRI, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHEN DOCTOR STOCKMAN'S GONNA SHOW UP.

IT'LL BE *WAY EASIER* FOR ME TO KEEP THIS SECRET IF I'M HERE ALONE.

THANKS, APRIL...

...HOPEFULLY THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN BEAT AN *ENTIRE ARMY*, BUT IF WE CAN NEUTRALIZE BISHOP BEFORE THINGS GET TOO OUT OF HAND, *THAT* MIGHT BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TURN THE TIDE FOR THE UTROMS AND TRICERATONS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT USE *I'LL* BE, DONATELLO. I'M STILL GETTING USED TO THIS NEW BODY AND—

YOU'RE HERE AND THAT'S WHAT *MATTERS*, SEYMOUR.

WHATEVER HAPPENS, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW WE'VE GOT FRIENDS *WATCHING* OUR BACKS.

SO THIS IS THE *MAGIC DOOR*, HEY?

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THOSE EGGHEADS AIN'T PUTTIN' US SMACK DAB INTO THE MIDDLE OF A *KILL-ZONE* WHEN WE STEP THROUGH?

DONNIE AND APRIL *KNOW* WHAT THEY'RE DOING, HOB.

YEAH. THE GEEKS HOLDIN' UP THEIR END'S THE *LEAST* OF OUR WORRIES.

WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN? THAT SOME KINDA SWIPE AT THE MUTANIMALS?

IN CASE YOU FORGOT, *YOU* CAME LOOKIN' FOR *US*, TURTLE.

HEY, DID I SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE *MUTANIMALS?* KINDA TESTY, AIN'T YOU, FLEABAG?

AND *HEEERE* WE GO.

WOULD YOU TWO DO THE *REST* OF US A FAVOR AND GET THE IMBECILIC NEED TO BICKER *OUT* OF YOUR SYSTEMS BEFORE WE DISEMBARK?

ONCE WE STEP THROUGH THIS PORTAL, THE FIGHT WE'RE FOCUSED ON *CANNOT* BE WITH EACH OTHER.

FINE.

WHATEVER.

I'M ONLY DOIN' THIS FOR *SLASH* ANYWAYS.

YEAH. WHATEVER.

OKAY. TIME TO HEAD OUT.

THE CONN'S ALL *YOURS*, GUYS.

PLEASE BE *CAREFUL*, DONNIE.

WILL DO, APRIL. SEE YOU SOON.

MIKEY!

STOP TOUCHING MY GEAR AND LET'S GO!

MAN, SCIENTISTS TOTALLY HATE *SHARING* THE COOL STUFF.

TELL ME ABOUT IT, DUDE.

LINDSEY COMPLETELY *FREAKS* IF ANY OF US GET ANYWHERE *NEAR* HER DR. FRANKENSTEIN LAB.

SYSTEM'S ALL SET. EVERYONE *MASK UP.*

AND REMEMBER— THE TELEPORTER WILL GET US IN UNDETECTED, BUT WE'RE GONNA NEED TO MOVE AS *COVERTLY* AS POSSIBLE ONCE WE'RE THERE.

DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT *SALLY*, TURTLE—

—SHE KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHERE THE FIGHT IS.

I STILL WISH THERE WERE *MORE* OF US GOIN'.

I GET WE NEED ANGEL AND ALOPEX TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE CITY, BUT LEAVIN' SALLY BEHIND SEEMS LIKE A *WASTE*, YOU ASK ME.

BWOOM

WHOMP

HERE THEY COME!

FLLLASH

RETURN FIRE!

FLLLASH

FLLLASH

KEEP PUSHING *FORWARD!*

FWUP

FWUP

BLOOM

"WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE CAME TO THE *RIGHT PLACE*—"

—WHAT A STINKIN' *MESS.*

ANY SIGN OF *BISHOP*, DON?

OR SLASH?

THERE!

"RIGHT IN THE *MIDDLE* OF THE FIGHTING."

BISHOP STILL HAS *CONTROL* OF SLASH.

NOT FOR *LONG.*

NO— NOT IF WE DO WHAT WE *CAME* HERE TO DO.

MUTANIMALS, GET TO SLASH. MAKE AS MUCH *NOISE* AS YOU NEED TO—WHATEVER IT TAKES TO KEEP HIM BUSY...

"... AND CLAN HAMATO WILL *TAKE DOWN* BISHOP."

"WE'LL HANDLE *THESE* NUISANCES."

CAPTAIN MITCHELL?

SIR?

ORDER OUR ARMOR UNITS TO *IGNORE* THE ENEMY GROUND TROOPS AND PUSH FORWARD.

I WANT THEM *PULVERIZING* THE WALLS OF THAT COMPOUND.

ROGER *THAT*, AGENT BISHOP.

KILO-ECHO, THIS IS BRAVO-CHARLIE. PRIORITY MISSION IS *BREACH*.

SAY AGAIN, PRIORITY MISSION IS—

EPF

KRAK

—GNF!

WHAT THE—

KLONK

WHUD

WHAP

OKAY, COMMAND AND CONTROL'S *DOWN*.

BISHOP'S NEXT—

—BRING ON THE *DIVERSION.*

THAT'S YOUR *CUE,* HERMAN.

COPY *THAT,* SIR!

KABOOM

BABOOM BABOOM BABOOM BABOOM BABOOM BABOOM

GAHH!

BLADDA BLADDA BLADDA BLADDA

WHO... WHO *FIRED* THOSE MISSILES?

GET 'EM, MUTANIMALS!

DAMMIT!

"ALWAYS APPEARING WHERE YOU *DON'T* BELONG!"

INTRUSIVE MUTANTS.

LOOK OUT!

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, JACK. WE'RE CHOCK *FULL* OF SURPRISES.

WHA—

BISHOP

YOU NEVER *SEE* US COMING!

YO, TURTLE DUDES! I TOTALLY *SOFTENED UP* BISHY BOY FOR YOU!

JUST NEED TO GET HIS *SPOOKY SPECS* AND—

EPF

—CRUD.

HANDS *OFF* THE GOGGLES.

NO!
HUH?
SHWIIP
BLAM
HNNGK!
A LITTLE *HELP*, GUYS?!
YOU *OKAY*, MONDO?
COPASETIC.
CAREFUL— HE'S PART *METAL*.
WHATEVER HE IS, HE'S... *UNF*... *WAY STRONGER* THAN HE LOOKS!
WHOA!
EPF
INDEED, MUTANT.
SNAP
MANY THINGS *AREN'T* AS THEY SEEM.

AREA 51. SOUTHERN NEVADA, USA. 1968.

"REVERSE ENGINEERING EFFORTS CONTINUE AT *PACE*, SIR..."

...SLOW AND STEADY.

HM. SO, TELL ME, *DOCTOR YUHASZ*—IS *ANY* PART OF YOUR TESTING STEADIER THAN IT IS SLOWER?

ACTUALLY, *YES*, AGENT BISHOP.

SOME OF OUR TECHNOLOGIES ARE FINALLY ADVANCED ENOUGH TO WHERE WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO NEARLY *REPLICATE* MANY OF THE COMPONENTS OF THE SPECIMEN'S EXO-SKELETON.

WE BELIEVE ITS PURPOSES ARE OF A COMBINATION LIFE-SUPPORT AND COMBAT VARIETY. WE SHOULD HAVE OUR *OWN VERSION* BUILT AND FULLY FUNCTIONAL VERY SOON.

IRONIC WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE TECH ADVANCES I MENTIONED WOULD *NEVER* BE THIS FAR ALONG IF WE HADN'T FIRST *DISCOVERED* THE CRASHED ALIEN CRAFT.

WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A *CHICKEN/EGG PARADOX*.

YEAH, WELL, SPEAKING OF CHICKENS AND EGGS, WHAT'S THE STATUS OF YOUR *BIOLOGICAL* TESTS?

THAT'S THE *SLOWER PART*, SIR. THERE ARE AS-YET UNIDENTIFIED ASPECTS TO THE SPECIMENS' DNA AND INTRACELLULAR DESIGN.

BUT WE'LL HAVE ANSWERS *EVENTUALLY*, DON'T YOU WORRY.

IT WILL SIMPLY REQUIRE THE SAME *METICULOUS* REVERSE-ENGINEERING PROCESS AS WE UNDERTOOK WITH THE MACHINERY—

—PIECE BY PIECE. PART BY PART.

METICULOUS IS FINE, DR. YUHASZ, BUT REAL DATA AND ANSWERS ARE *WAY* BETTER IF WE WANT WASHINGTON TO CONTINUE FUNDING THE E.P.F.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, BLACK BUDGETS ARE *NOT* LIMITLESS.

AGENT BISHOP, SIR, WE JUST RECEIVED A CALL ON THE *EXTERNAL EMERGENCY LINE*—

"—IT'S YOUR *WIFE.*"

I GOT HERE AS *FAST* AS I COULD...

LAS VEGAS GENERAL HOSPITAL

...WHAT HAPPENED?

YOUR WIFE WENT INTO *PREMATURE LABOR* AT YOUR HOME. SHE WAS ALONE AND IN A LOT OF PAIN, THE POOR THING, BUT WAS *STILL* ABLE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE.

WE RUSHED HER INTO THE E.R. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE DOCTOR HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO *DELIVER* THE BABY.

AND... ARE THEY *OKAY?* MY WIFE AND... THE BABY?

YOUR WIFE WILL BE *FINE*. SHE'LL NEED TO STAY HERE A FEW DAYS TO RECOVER, BUT SHE'S A TOUGH ONE.

AND THE BABY... THE BABY IS ALIVE, BUT ONLY *BARELY*.

WE HAVE HIM IN NATAL INTENSIVE CARE IN AN *INCUBATOR* BUT... HE CAME TOO SOON AND HE'S SO SMALL.

I'M SO *SORRY*, MR. BISHOP...

"...BUT I DON'T THINK THE CHILD WILL *SURVIVE* THE NIGHT."

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE, MARIE. THE DOCTORS *TOLD* US HAVING A BABY AT YOUR AGE WOULD BE RISKY, AND I...

...I SHOULD'VE *BEEN* HERE.

STOP, WAYNE—WHAT A SILLY THING TO SAY. YOU'RE HARDLY *EVER* HERE.

WHY SHOULD *TODAY* HAVE BEEN ANY DIFFERENT?

BUT... THE BABY—

IS GOING TO DIE. PROBABLY TONIGHT. AND THERE'S NOT A *DAMN THING* YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, MR. SECRET AGENT. AND YOU KNOW, *THAT'S* THE PART THAT BOTHERS ME THE MOST.

YOU'RE ALWAYS AWAY, DOING ALL THAT CRAZY WHATEVER-IT-IS YOU DO, AND I THOUGHT HAVING A BABY MIGHT *EASE* SOME OF THE LONELINESS BEING YOUR WIFE REQUIRES. A SMALL REWARD FOR MY *SACRIFICES* ALL THESE YEARS.

NOW I CAN'T EVEN HAVE THAT, AND *ALL* I CAN THINK IS...

...WHAT WAS THE *POINT* OF IT ALL?

LAS VEGAS
GENERAL HOSPITAL

BISHOP, JONATHAN W

WHO ARE—

DR. YUHASZ, WE ARE *EN ROUTE* TO BASE WITH THE PACKAGE—

—MAKE ALL *NECESSARY PREPARATIONS* FOR OUR ARRIVAL.

HAVEN'T I ALREADY *TOLD* YOU? IN ORDER TO *DEFEAT* MONSTERS...

KRAK

...YOU MUST *BECOME* ONE!

HERMAN, AIM FOR SLASH! *RUBBER BULLETS* ONLY!

I'LL GIVE BISHOP THE *REAL DEAL!*

SIR, YES, SIR!

BLAMB BLA

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRA BRAK

ZING

PZING

TING

TING

ZING

TING

PATHETIC. *THAT'S* NOT HOW YOU STOP A MONSTER.

THIS IS!

SMASH

GRAH!

SHNK

NICE TRY, BUT YOU *STILL* DON'T UNDERSTAND.

AND YOU *CANNOT* DEFEAT WHAT YOU *DON'T* UNDERSTAND.

EPF

BISHOP

GUYS, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

BISHOP'S NOT WHAT HE *APPEARS* TO BE, MIKE.

YOU THINK?

BUT...

"...WHAT THE HELL *IS* HE?"

AGENT BISHOP, THIS IS KILO ECHO.

WE'VE *DESTROYED* THE OUTER PERIMETER. ORDERS? OVER.

CONTINUE YOUR BREACH, SOLDIER.

DO NOT STOP UNTIL YOU ANNIHILATE *EVERYTHING* IN YOUR WAY.

I'LL DO THE *SAME* HERE.

YOU HEARD THE MAN!

FIRE!

BA-DOOM

BA-DOOM

WHAT THE HELL—

BA-DOOM

NOT HELL.

CH'RELL.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY
HIT THE ROAD #1

art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MICHAEL GARLAND

SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN MEXICO, ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.

MAN, ROCKSTEADY... I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK!

THE *BIG APPLE!*

I'D BE GOOD WITH ONE OF THEM SMALL APPLES AT THIS POINT, BEBOP.

I JUST WANNA BE BACK IN THE USA ALREADY. WHERE PEOPLE LOOK HURT WHEN YOU SAY THINGS HURTFUL.

NAH. NEW YORK OR BUST! NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

HEY, ROCK. WHEN WE GET BACK, WE SHOULD CHANGE THINGS UP. WHAT IF—JUST—WHAT IF... WE GIVE UP OUR LIVES OF CRIME.

...

YOU KNOW, BE *UH*, WHAT'S IT CALLED? *GOOD.*

...HAHAHA YOU HAD ME GOING THERE, BEE.

I'M SERIOUS. USE YOUR NOGGIN. THE TURTLES ARE GOOD. EVERYONE LOVES THEM. THEY GOT ALL THE FRIENDS.

WHY? CAUSE THEY'RE HEROES.

HUH. YEAH. WE SHOULD BE HEROES. WE COULD BE BETTER HEROES THAN THE TURTLES.

YEAH, MAN! HEROES! WATCH OUT NEW YOR—MAN, MY EAR REALLY ITCHES...

AAAAAAH!

SKREEEE

CRASH

BOOM BOOM

GET IT AWAY! GET IT AWAY!

BEBOP! WHAT THE HECK, MAN? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

YOUR EAR! IT'S TURNED NORMAL! LIKE... HU-HU-HUMAN...!

WHAT DO I DO? BEBOP, WHAT IF IT SPREADS? WHAT IF I GO ALL THE WAY BACK TO A HUMAN?

NO! DON'T EVEN SAY IT.

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

I THINK SO.

SLICE

HUCK

WE SHOULD BE SAFE NOW.

WHAT? NO, YOU STUPID DINOSAUR!

BEE, HE'S GOING AFTER IT.

DON'T—DON'T EAT IT, YOU BUTT-BRAIN. IT'S CONTA-MINATED!

YOU'RE CONTAMINATED NOW... AS IF I DIDN'T HATE YOU ENOUGH ALREADY.

BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY: HIT THE ROAD

HA HA HA! NOTHING CAN STOP US! NOT EVEN AN EAR! WHO'RE THE HEROES NOW?!

KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, IN THE HIGH DESERT OF CENTRAL NEW MEXICO.

SPECIAL AGENT RAVENWOOD, MA'AM, RIGHT THIS WAY.

I'M AGENT BOBBY BROWDER. I WAS SURPRISED TO LEARN YOU WERE LEADING THIS OPERATION. WE WERE EXPECTING AGENT BISHOP.

AGENT BISHOP IS CURRENTLY IN OVER HIS HEAD WITH NEW YORK'S MUTANT UNDERGROUND AND BEING THE WORLD'S WORST CANDIDATE TO MAKE FIRST CONTACT.

I THINK YOU'LL FIND WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM.

WHAT'S IN THOSE CHOPPERS?

INSURANCE, AGENT BROWDER... INSURANCE.

"MANY OF YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME. WHAT YOU'VE HEARD IS TRUE."

I'VE BEEN A PART OF *EARTH PROTECTION FORCE* SINCE IT'S INCEPTION IN 1955. LOOKING AT ME, YOU MAY WONDER HOW THAT'S POSSIBLE.

THE ANSWER IS DISCIPLINE OVER BODY AND MIND.

AND GOOD GENETICS.

OUR TARGETS ARE A MUTANT RHINOCEROS, KNOWN AS *ROCKSTEADY*, AND A MUTANT WARTHOG, KNOWN AS *BEBOP*.

THESE TWO CAME TO OUR ATTENTION WHEN THEY DESTROYED AN ENTIRE BUILDING IN MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE.

LAST YEAR THEY TURNED UP IN RIO DE JANEIRO WHERE THEY FOUGHT AND DESTROYED 10 U.S.-MADE WAR-BOTS WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.

SINCE THEN THEY'VE MADE THEIR WAY UP THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA INTO MEXICO, LEAVING A TRAIL OF CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION.

THEY ARE STRONG AND THEY ARE HEAVILY ARMED.

THESE ARE TWO OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MUTANTS EVER CREATED.

THE MEXICAN FEDERALES WON'T GO NEAR THEM AND HAVE CALLED FOR US TO COME TAKE THEM AWAY... AND TAKE THEM AWAY WE WILL...

JOHN BISHOP BELIEVES THAT MUTANTS LIKE THESE POSE AN EXISTENTIAL THREAT TO HUMANITY. HE'S CALLED FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF ALL MUTANTS.

I DON'T SHARE HIS ATTITUDES. MOST MUTANTS ARE NOT A THREAT. FOR THE ONES THAT ARE...

IT'S IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE ANIMALS GRAPPLING WITH MINDS AND BODIES THEY WERE NEVER MEANT TO HAVE.

MUTANTS ARE NOT NECESSARILY MONSTERS. IT'S POSSIBLE THEY SIMPLY NEED UNDERSTANDING AND A HELPING HAND.

OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO CAPTURE ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP. IF WE HAVE TO, WE WILL USE DEADLY FORCE, BUT ONLY ON MY ORDER.

BE ALERT. BE VIGILANT. BE AWARE. LET'S GO.

HELLO TO ALL OF YOU OUT THERE ON THE INTERNET, THIS IS—WELL, *HECTOR BARRALES.*

I'M STILL WORKING ON A COOL NICKNAME. YOUR SUGGESTIONS LAST TIME WERE A HELP, BUT I'M STILL THINKING IT OVER.

SO I'M BACK WITH PART TWO OF MY INVESTIGATION OF *THE MONSTER OF CARRICITOS.*

I'M APPROACHING THE TOWN NOW AND I HAVE TO STRESS, THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. TWO HOURS I'VE DRIVEN FROM MONTERREY. THERE IS NO RECEPTION OUT HERE OR I'D STREAM THIS LIVE.

OH, HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW.

NO VAYAS AL PUEBLO. LLEGA LA NOCHE. HAY UNA BESTIA QUE CAZA EN LA OSCURIDAD.

HAS VISTO A LA BESTIA? ESPERE. SOLO DIME...

OH BOY. PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY LEAVING THE TOWN BECAUSE IT'S GETTING DARK.

I HOPE THAT WHEN YOU ARE SEEING THIS, I AM STILL ALIVE. IN MY LAST VIDEO I CAPTURED A GLIMPSE OF THE CREATURE.

THE RESPONSE FROM YOU GUYS WAS FANTASTIC. GREAT THEORIES IN THE COMMENTS ON WHAT IT COULD BE.

SOME THOUGHT IT WAS MOTHMAN, OTHERS THOUGHT IT COULD BE A PREHISTORIC HOLDOVER, BUT MY FAVORITE THEORY IS OF COURSE ALIENS...

NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO REMIND YOU TO HIT THAT SUBSCRIBE BUTTON.

SOON. JUST PAST THE SUN-PARCHED PUEBLO OF CARRICITOS, ON THE CREEP INTO THE BLACK HILLS OF A MOONLESS NIGHT.

I'M NOW WELL PAST THE TOWN. ACCORDING TO THE PEOPLE THAT LIVE HERE THE MONSTER TAKES ITS VICTIMS OUT HERE TO THE HILLS AND CANYONS... WAIT... WAIT.

WHAT'S THAT. OH JEEZ. OH MAN. THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ROAD...

I HOPE YOU GUYS CAN SEE THIS. LOOKS LIKE NO ONE'S OUT HERE... VERY CREEPY.

IT'S A CONVERTIBLE. I WONDER, COULD THE DRIVER HAVE BEEN SNATCHED OUT AND TAKEN INTO THE NIGHT?

HEY!

GAH!

OH JEEZ! OH MAN, THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE!

IT'S COMING FAST! OH JEEZ!

THMP THMP THMP

THMP THMP THMP

AHH!

NOT SO FAST, DUMP-WAD!

HELP! IT'S ATTACKING MY VAN!

GET Fuck

HA HA. I THINK HE'S PEED HIMSELF.

MAN, YOU'RE LUCKY! WE NEED SOME FRICKIN GAS AND RATHER THAN JUST TAKE IT FROM YA, WE'RE GONNA BE REAL NICE AND LET YOU GIVE IT TO US!

OH DANG! ROCK-O, THIS GUYS LOADED!

HE'S GOT ALL THE GOOD STUFF HERE. HE'S EVEN GOT CHERRY FRUIT PIES!

WE HIT THE JACKPOT!

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH NOM NOM NOM STUFF CHOMP

THA-THAT'S MY STAKE-OUT FOOD.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. I'VE NEVER SEEN CREATURES LIKE THESE. THE-THEY MIGHT BE SOME NEW FORM OF CRYPTIDS! WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU?

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT WE ARE... I DON'T KNOW, BEBOP, WOULD YOU SAY THAT WE ARE... THE COOLEST DUDES AROUND?

YEAH. YEAH, I THINK THAT'S RIGHT.

YOU'RE AMAZING!

HEY, YOU HEAR THAT, ROCK? THIS GUY THINKS WE'RE AMAZING!

DORK KNOWS THE BEST WHEN HE SEES IT.

COOL BOOTS.

FRICKIN' COOL HAT! YOU'RE LIKE A NERD... BUT A NERD THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME WANT TO PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE.

CAMO JACKET? A MILITARY MAN, *HUH?*

WE ARE BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY!

AKA *THE MIGHTY MUTANT FOOT MONSTERS.*

AND THAT OVER THERE IS OUR LOUSY CONTAMINATED DINOSAUR THAT NEEDS TO BUZZ OFF ALREADY!

I'M *HECTOR BARRALES!* I'M A U-TUBE STAR WITH MY OWN MONSTER HUNTING SHOW. I MEAN, I'VE ONLY DONE ONE EPISODE SO FAR, BUT WELL, I THINK I JUST NEED TO STICK WITH IT.

MONSTER HUNTING, *HUH?* YOU CATCH ANY YET?

YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING OUT HERE. SOME KIND OF GIANT EVIL FLYING CREATURE HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE TOWN DOWN THE ROAD.

IT STARTED BY STEALING SCRAP METAL AND KILLING LIVESTOCK, BUT NOW THERE HAVE BEEN THREE HUMAN VICTIMS.

THEY SAY IT LEAVES ITS VICTIMS DRAINED.

scritch scritch

TIRED, *HUH?* FEELING PRETTY DRAINED MYSELF.

NO. IT SUCKS THEIR BLOOD!

HEY, ROCK, COME HERE. YOU REMEMBER THAT THING ABOUT US BEING HEROES? WELL, MAYBE BEATING UP THIS EVIL MONSTER IS OUR CHANCE.

I DON'T KNOW, BOP. SOUNDS LIKE A DANG DRACULA. YOU KNOW I HATE DANG DRACULAS.

BUT, THIS JERK'S GONNA PUT IT ON BOOB-TUBE! WE SAVE THE TOWN AND BECOME WHIMPER-NET STARS. NEXT THING YOU KNOW...

THESE NERDS ARE LIKE, "TURTLES? TURTLES WHO?"

GOOD NEWS, GUY. WE'RE SUPERHEROES!

LIKE THE TURTLES BUT MUCH, MUCH TOUGHER.

AND, *UH*, YEAH. WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THIS DRACULA AND HEROICALLY KICK ITS FACE IN. **HAHA.**

AWESOME. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST VIDEO EVER!

NOW, ABOUT THAT GAS...

YEAH, ABOUT THAT GAS...

Shift Shift

ANIMALS. BEASTS INVADE OUR HABITAT.

OOOUUUUR TOWN, AND THEY'RE WITH THE FEEDBAG WHO HUNTS US.

HUNTS THE ALIEN. WE ARE THE ALIEN. REMEMBER? ON OUR PLANET, REMEMBER? ARE WE NOT A TENACIOUS SPECIMEN?

TEEEENNNACIOUS AND STRONG. A SURVIVOR.

MUST SURVIVE TO COMPLETE OUR CREATION.

TONIGHT WE WILL DEFEND OUR CREATION FROM THESE INVASIVE SPECIES.

ALIENNNNN INVADERS. MAKE THEM OUR FOOD TONIGHT.

YES.

IN THE PITCH-BLACK HILLS OF NUEVO LEON, ON THE TRAIL OF THE WICKED BEAST.

BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY, ARE THOSE YOUR REAL NAMES?

GAVE 'EM TO OURSELVES! A MAN'S REPUTATION SHOULD BE SUMMED UP BY HIS NICKNAME, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

YOU GOTTA HAVE SOMETHING THAT STANDS OUT, GETS PEOPLE TO REMEMBER YOU, AND SPEAKS THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR SOUL. SO... *BEBOP!*

ROCKSTEADY!

I'VE BEEN THINKING OF A NICKNAME TOO! I'M GOING TO BE... TO BE... *RAZZMATAZZ!*

THAT'S AWESOME!

S'OKAY.

GHAAA!

HOLY JEEZ! WHAT KIND OF GODDAMN MONSTER WOULD DO SUCH ATHING?! HOLD ON, RAZZMATAZZ!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

I SEE IT FLYING UP THERE!

HEY!

TRY AND SCRATCH ME, DUMBSKULL? I'LL BASH YOU TO SMITHEREENS!

AAHH! HELP!

GOTCHA, RAZZMATAZZ!

HOLD ON, RAZZMATAZZ!

RAZZMATAZZ!

EAT LEAD, LASER-LIPS!

BWAHAHAHA

PTANG PTANG PTANG

"P-TANG"? DID THAT THING SAY "P-TANG"?

KA-BAM

THIS IS OUR HABITAT, PLANKTON CHIPS!

I WAS RIGHT! IT'S A DRACULA!

BRAINTRAUMA

PTANG

PTANG

PTANG

TAKE THIS TRINITROTOLUENE GRENADE!

GROSS!

SPLAT

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT!

GRAB HOLD OF SOMETHING, RAZZMATAZZ. WE'RE COMING FOR YOU, ROCK!

SCREEEE

ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE CREEPS... NOW I'M GONNA MURDERIZE YA.

NOT MY GOOD HITTIN' ARM!

BUDDY!

PAL!

BUDDY!

PAL!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS, YOU GUYS.

IT'S INCREDIBLE... I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF—WAIT! SOMETHING'S COMING!

WHERE'S ROCKSTEADY?

THAT JERK MONSTER TOOK HIM TO THAT JUNK TOWER JUST AHEAD.

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING. JUST DARK!

I CAN SEE IT AND SMELL IT, AND IT STINKS.

SUPER SIGHT AND SUPER HEARING... YOU SAVED MY LIFE! YOU REALLY ARE SUPERHEROES!

UH. YEAH, WHATEVER.

CURIOUS SPECIMEN. PHYLUM. GENUS. HIS BLOOD HAS MADE US STRONG, EXCEEDING PROJECTIONS. BLOOD RED, BUT WITH GREEN? WHAT SPECIES? ALIEN?

LOOOOOOK. HIS ARM. HE'S ONE OF THEM. NOT LIKE US, BUT A FEEDBAG. A SUPERIOR FEEDBAG!

WE ARE *WINGNUT*.

AND *WEEEEE* ARE *SCREWLOOSE*. WE... REMEMBER YOU. BEFORE THAT WE REMEMBER... WHEN WE WERE TAKEN FROM OUR HOME.

ON OUR PLANET THERE IS A PERPETUAL RED NIGHT. THEN CAME THE ALIEN INVADERS.

TOOOOK US FROM OUR PEOPLE. ALONE WE CREATE THIS, OUR TOWER.

WHAT IS THIS THING, IN US—THAT SEES AND DOESN'T SLEEP. OUR TOWER WILL SEND SIGNAL TO OUR FAMILY, PHYLUM, TO TAKE US HOME. WE NEED TO SLEEP IN THE RED NIGHT.

YOU'RE A SUPERIOR FEEDBAG. **HA.**

HEY, DRACULA, YOUR PLANET SOUNDS, =COUGH HACK= UH... DUMB.

ALIENNNNN INVASION!

BOOM

HANG ON, ROCKSTEADY! I'M GOING TO BRING THIS WHOLE THING DOWN!

RRRRRRRRR

SO IT'S WAR! FIRE ALL CANNONS!

YOU SICK FREAKS!

SH

BR

LOOK OUT, BEE. THE LITTLE ONE THROWS DEAD RATS!

OFF, PLANKTON-CHIP!

THE TOWER!

WAAAAH!

SPLAT

GGGGRN

RUN!

I THOUGHT IT WOULD GO THE OTHER—

CRASH!!

WE'LL NEVER REACH OUR FAMILY NOW!

ON OUR PLANET THERE WAS NO HATE.

WE NEVER FELT VENGEANCE... AND THERE WAS NO PAIN OF BEING A MAN.

DINGBAT, OR WHATEVER... ON OUR PLANET, THINGS ARE PRETTY DIFFERENT.

DO YOU SEE OUR TALONED FINGERS?! ARE WE NOT NOBLE?

NOW WE WILL *KILL* YOU.

NOBBBBLE AS THE MOON AND ALL CREATURES THAT DWELL IN TWILIGHT.

EAT! EEAAATTT!

?

RRRRRAAA

TRY AND KILL MY FRIEND...?
YOU GET FLATTENED!
SKREEEEEEEEEEE
crash
...
DAMN IT ROCKSTEADY! THAT THING WRECKED OUR CAR!

AW NO, NOT MY GOOD SMASHIN' ARM TOO...

MY FOOT FEELS REALLY WEIRD.

OH MAN! NOW IT'S ON ME!

SEE? THEY'RE DIFFERENT.

YOU'VE HAD HOOFED FEET IN YOUR BOOTS THIS WHOLE TIME?

THIS REALLY STINKS!

I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW YOU FEEL.

ME NEITHER... WELL, I GUESS WE WALK IT FROM HERE.

YEAH, THAT'S THE SPIRIT. NEW YORK OR BUST.

THE DAY'S FIRST RAYS BURST OUT ACROSS THE SIERRA MADRE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO RAZZMATAZZ?

WHATEVER. HE DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND US ANYWAY.

ALSO, RAZZMATAZZ IS A DUMB NICKNAME. SHOULDA GONE WITH *DOO-WOP*. OR *GRUNGE*.

I LIKE RAZZMATAZZ...

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EMBANKMENT WHERE THAT PATHETIC BAT AND BUG MET THEIR BITTER END.

...NO. FOR SERIOUS THOUGH, LORD DISCORDANCE HAS CALLED FOR AN ALL POINTS, AND THE CHIEF IS ALL LIKE "JUMP? HOW HIGH?"

WHOOPS. HEY, WE FOUND OUR MUTANT BAT. DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD.

THESE POOR ILL-FATED FELLOWS ARE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE MULTIVERSE.

SEEMS WE'LL BE CLEANING UP AFTER RENET'S DEBACLE FOR A WHILE STILL.

BUT, CHECK THIS! THIS CAR? ALSO TOTALLY NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS TIMELINE.

THAT'S LIKE TWO THINGS WE CAN CROSS OFF THE LIST.

DO YOU THINK IT'S COOL TO RETURN THIS BAT GUY AND THE CAR IN SUCH BAD CONDITION?

THE BAT'S GOING INTO A STASIS POD IN A LAB THAT WILL BURN DOWN IN JUST A FEW WEEKS, SO WHO CARES. AND THE CAR? HIT AND RUN... HOLD ON. I'M GETTING ANOTHER DISPLACEMENT READING... THERE'S A KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISTORTION...

AH. YOU KNOW WHAT? LET'S LEAVE. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S ABOVE OUR PAY GRADE.

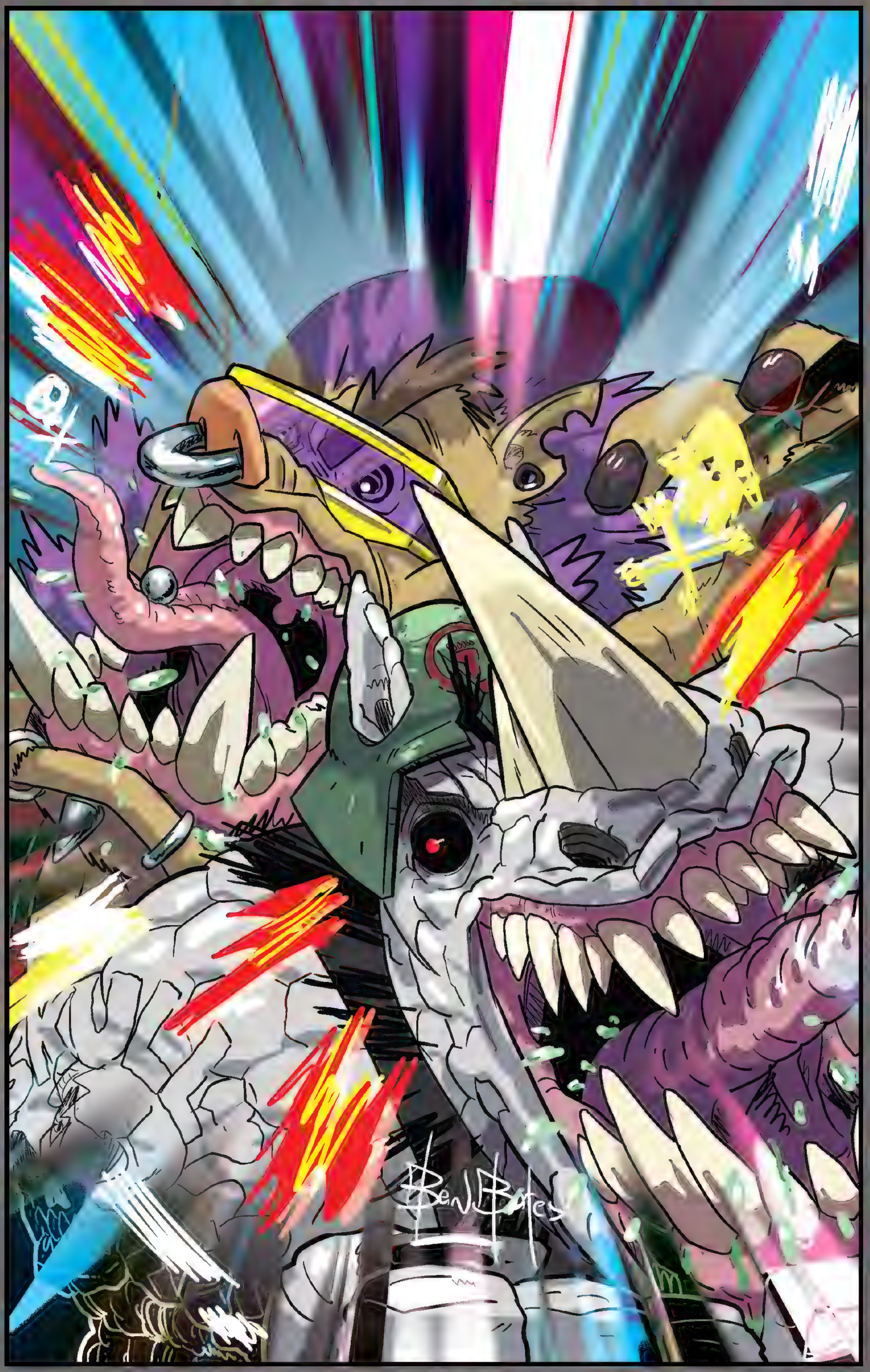
VOOP

HAHAHAHA

INTERESTING.

HAHAHAHAHAHA

IN-TER-ES-TING.



art by BEN BATES

BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY
HIT THE ROAD #2

art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MICHAEL GARLAND

IN THE SOUTH TEXAS BRUSH COUNTRY, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

DAMN IT.

I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN HERE SOONER.

LAST WE KNEW THEY WERE HEADING UP HIGHWAY 57. WE COULDN'T HAVE FORESEEN THEM CROSSING OUT HERE... BAD LUCK FOR THESE BORDER PATROL AGENTS.

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. IF I HAD ACTED FASTER, THESE AGENTS WOULD BE ALIVE RIGHT NOW... THE LONGER BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY ARE LOOSE, THE MORE LIVES WILL BE LOST. WE'VE GOT TO HELP THEM.

HELP THEM? YOU REALLY BELIEVE MUTANTS DESERVE ANY COMPASSION? YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF.

I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE TRAUMA OF MUTATION. AND THERE'S NO ANIMAL THAT EVER ASKED FOR THAT. HUMANS ARE THE CAUSE FOR THEIR ANGUISH, AND THAT MEANS WE HAVE SOME RESPONSIBILITY TO THESE POOR SOULS.

AGENT RAVENWOOD, WE FOUND A SURVIVOR!

HE SAYS HE WAS THROWN.

LET'S GET HIM DOWN!

THEY WERE PART ANIMAL, PART MAN. THEY KILLED EVERYONE, CROSSED THE RIVER, SMASHED THE BOAT INTO SHORE, AND DARTED OFF INTO THE BRUSH.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING MOVE LIKE THAT.

ALMOST GOT IT! FASTER!

THINK I HURT MY KNEE WHEN WE CRASHED THAT BOAT.

THIS IS A NIGHTMARE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

GEE. SEEMS LIKE A NORMAL TRAIN CAR TO ME, BEE.

NO, MAN! THE MUTATION'S WEARING OFF!

WE'RE CHANGING! WE'RE GETTING HURT KNEES NOW!

YO, BOP, YOU HEAR THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE... LIKE—

BEMSHA SWING!

WHAT'S THAT, THE *MILES* VERSION?

PERSONALLY FOR ME, CAN'T BEAT THE *MONK TRIO* VERSION.

HA HA. FOR ME. I LIKE THE *RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS* TAKE. GET IT, BEBOP?

UH, YOU GUYS KNOW MUSIC, *HUH?*

THAT'S RIGHT, RAGTIME.

ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THESE HOBOS PUT IN THESE STICK BAGS.

TURNS OUT, JUNK!

I MEAN, WHAT'S THIS? A PICTURE OF HIS FAMILY? *YUCK!*

IT'S WHAT WE GET.

WISH WE HADN'T THROWN HIM OFF SO'S I COULD THROW HIM OFF AGAIN.

DANG. BEEDEEDLEBEE, DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOU TURNED ALL THE WAY BACK TO HUMAN.

FRICK FRICK FRICK FRICK FRICK

OUR LIVES ARE *OVER*. ALL WE HAD GOING FOR US WAS OUR *POWER*.

WE CAN'T EVEN BE HEROES LIKE WE WAS THINKING. WE MIGHT AS WELL GET SUITS AND TIES AND GO TO WORK AT THE BURGER KINK.

KRUD

SORTA WISH I DIDN'T CUT MY EAR OFF NOW.

HUH... THIS TRAIN YARD REMINDS ME OF WHEN KARAI TRIED TO *KILL* US. REMEMBER?

YEAH. SHE WAS THE *BEST.*

LISTEN, BOP, YA KNOW, WE'VE BEEN AT THIS BEING BAD GUYS THING SINCE WE WAS KIDS. MAYBE IT'S TIME WE GROW UP.

YOU MEAN LIKE GO STRAIGHT, BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?

HUH, YEAH.

MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD. I MEAN LOOK AROUND. LOOK AT ALL THESE NORMALS. THEY'RE JUST FINE. BETTER OFF THAN US.

ALL OF THEM HAVE IT FIGURED OUT. SEE, WHERE IS THIS GUY GOING? SOMEWHERE, AND I BET IT'S *GREAT!*

THEY ARE ALL *HAPPY,* AND ARE *WE?* MAYBE SOMETIMES, BUT RIGHT NOW, IT FEELS LIKE NEVER!

WILL THIS MEAN NO MORE... GANG NAMES?

...I GUESS SO. IT ONLY MAKES SENSE.

YOU READY TO DO THIS, MAXENCE?

LET'S GO GET JOBS AND BE SQUARES, GENEALDO.

YEAH. BUT FIRST WE GOTTA GET SOME GOOD CLOTHES.

RIGHT. ONE MORE MUGGING FOR CASH TO BUY CLOTHES.

I'M STARVING SO MAKE THAT TWO MORE MUGGINGS.

YOU THERE, BOY! POINT US TO WHERE WE GET JOBS.

WAKSH

MA'AM, UNION PACIFIC IS TELLING US THE TRAIN THEY BOARDED WAS HEADED FOR SAN ANTONIO.

CAPTAIN, LET THE REST OF OUR FLIGHT KNOW WE ARE CHANGING COURSE FOR SAN ANTONIO.

ROGER THAT.

ANY WORD FROM SAN ANTONIO LAW ENFORCEMENT?

NOTHING. YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE HAD A RUN IN WITH THEM OR THAT THERE WOULD BE SIGHTINGS, BUT IT'S QUIET.

TOO QUIET FOR BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY. WHAT COULD THEY BE DOING...?

DINE

BP

Z

DELI

IN A TECHNOLOGICAL COMMAND CENTER ON WHEELS SOMEWHERE AMONG THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS OF SAN ANTONIO.

...I'M RAZZMATAZZ SIGNING OFF. PLEASE HIT THE SUBSCRIBE—

PAUSE.

IT'S AGENT BROWDER, MA'AM.

BROWDER, THIS IS RAVENWOOD.

I GOT A GUY HERE SAYS HE HAD A RUN IN WITH OUR FRIENDS ON THE TRAIN. THEY TOOK HIS ONLY WORLDLY POSSESSIONS.

THE THING IS, HE SAYS HE HAPPENS TO KNOW THAT THAT TRAIN WAS ON A NONSTOP ROUT, NOT TO SAN ANTONIO, BUT TO HOUSTON.

DAMN IT!

GOOD WORK, AGENT BROWDER. PACK IT UP AND REPORT TO A.I.C. WE HAVE NO TIME TO SPARE.

HEY, GENE. WHO FEELS LIKE CHICKEN TONIGHT? LIKE CHICKEN TONIGHT!

OH, MAX. MAXIE. MAX, MY MAN, I'VE HAD A HECK OF A DAY. IN MY JOB CLEANING UP DEBRIS, WE WAS, YOU KNOW, CLEANING UP DEBRIS.

SOME OLD LADY'S HOUSE BURNT DOWN.

AND I GUESS I ACCIDENTALLY RESTARTED THE FIRE.

THEN IT SPREAD TO TWO OTHER HOUSES.

SO, WHAT YOU—

LOST MY JOB. YEAH.

THIS IS FINE, RIGHT? WE'RE DOING THIS BEING NORMAL BUSINESS RIGHT?

...

OH, YOU SHOULD COME WORK AT THE PORT WITH ME.

SURE. AS IF IT'S SO EASY TO JUST GET A JOB AT THE PORT, MAX.

GENE.

GENE, LISTEN TO ME.

GENE, I'LL HIRE YOU. I'M THE BOSS!

...YOU'RE THE BOSS? DAMN IT, ROCKSTE—I MEAN MAX, HOW DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE THE LUCK...?

MAYBE YOU ARE SMARTER THAN ME. I DON'T KNOW.

EVENING SHIFT IT IS!

UP THROUGH THE GULF, THROUGH GALVESTON BAY, AND INTO THE SHIPPING CHANNELS OF BUFFALO BAYOU TO THE PORT OF HOUSTON.

GENEALDO REPORTING FOR DUTY!

JUST POINT ME TO WHAT YOU WANT PORTED AND/OR DEPORTED.

THAT'LL RUIN MY HAIR!

BEBOP—*UH*... GENALDO, YOU'RE LATE. AND YOU'RE DRESSED LIKE A DANG WEIRDO. WHERE'S YOUR HARD HAT?

THE LAST BOSS WAS EASY ON THE HAT WEARIN'. HIGHER-UP'S FOUND OUT. WHO'S TO SAY HOW. BUT BINGO BANGO, I'M BOSS NOW. AND SAFETY GEAR AND DRESSING GOOD IS MY THING.

HUH. OKAY, MAXENCE. HAVE IT YOUR WAY! I'LL PUT ON SOME PANTS! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THE HAT.

WHEN YOU GET BACK, JOE HERE IS GOING TO START YOUR TRAINING. MAYBE, ***MAYBE*** WE'LL SEE IF YOU CAN DO A FORKLIFT.

TRAINING? I THOUGHT THIS WAS BOATS. I'M SICK OF TRAINS.

THAT DORK LOVES HELMETS AND HATS. ANYTHING HE CAN STICK ON HIS FAT HEAD... WAIT. WHO?

I KNOW THAT LADY. WHERE FROM THOUGH?

I REMEMBER— SHE WAS MAD AT ME... IT WASN'T MY FAULT THOUGH... I FOUGHT A BUNCH OF HER FRIENDS...? AND IT WAS THE HAPPIEST TIME OF MY LIFE...

XIANG! IT'S *XIANG!*

OH, *WOW*. WHAT ARE THE CHANCES WE'D MEET HERE. WHAT DO YA GOT GOING ON? RUNNING DRUGS? GUNS? THAT'S COOL. I'M JUST HAPPY TO SEE SOMEONE FROM THE GOOD OL' DAYS OF THE FOOT CLAN.

THE FOOT CLAN?

YEAH. ME AND MAX WERE IN THE FOOT. OH SORRY, I MEAN ROCKSTEADY. YOU REMEMBER ROCKSTEADY. I'M BEBOP. I'M NORMAL NOW.

SORRY ABOUT DESTROYING YOUR BASE. AND LIKE RUINING YOUR GANG. OH AND GETTING YOU PUT IN JAIL.

BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY.

GENE, I FORGOT. YOU GOTTA SIGN—HEY, IT'S XIANG.

BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY.

HAHAHAHA! I HAVE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS DAY. HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE THIS PERFECT?

GHOST BOYS! YIQI!

BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY, MEET THE *NEW GHOST BOYS*.

AFTER YOU RUINED ALL THAT I HAD BUILT, IT WASN'T EASY STARTING AGAIN FROM THE BOTTOM, BUT I'VE MANAGED.

WWWOW. YOU GUYS LOOK GREAT!

HEY, YOU KNOW IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME MORE GUYS FOR YOUR GANG...

I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING, MAX!

BUT THEN I REMEMBERED NOBODY WOULD WANT US IN THEIR GANG, WE'RE JUST BORING HUMANS NOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HUMANS AGAIN, BUT IT WON'T LAST LONG.

WE'RE GOING TO BE MUTANTS AGAIN?

YOU'RE GOING TO BE CORPSES.

GHOST BOYS, *KILL THEM!*

AAAAAHHHH!

BOMBS NOT

LOOK OUT!

BAD GUYS, LOTS OF THEM, GONNA KILL US!

GOOD GOLLY, WELL, HOP IN! HAPPY TO HELP A COUPLE NICE FELLAS LIKE YOU.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE OFFICE AND WE'LL CALL THE POLICE.

NICE FELLAS?

CALL THE *COPS?*

WHAT'D YOU FELLAS SAY YOUR NAMES WERE AGAIN?

IT'S WRONG. IT'S ALL WRONG.

OUR *NAMES?*

YOU KNOW, I DON'T THINK WE'RE CUT OUT FOR BEING NORMAL! THAT FELT GOOD!

WE'RE CRIMINALS, MY MAN. WE'RE NOT PEOPLE, WE'RE MONSTERS. ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. ALWAYS WILL BE!

SCREW MAX AND GENE!

WE'RE BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY!

THOUGHT WE'D GO DOWN EASY, *HUH*, PLANKTON-CHIPS?

THING ABOUT BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY... WE DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT.

CRASH

TAYATO

VOOM

AGAIN!

AGAIN YOU RUIN ME! YOU ARE MY CURSE, ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP!

UNLEASH...

...THE GHOST-BOTS!

AFTER LAST TIME, I KNEW I NEEDED SOMETHING STRONG ENOUGH TO MATCH MUTANT POWER. I'M SURE THEY'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU MERE MEN.

ROBOT GHOSTS? WAY TO GO, XIANG!

WE WERE NEVER MERMEN!

KILL THEM!

KILL THIS!

WHOOSH

CRASH

THUMM

BEBOP!

BETTER WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF, SCUM!

GLHCK—

DAMN! THIS DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT. THIS WOULDA NEVER HAPPENED IF I WAS STILL A WAR THOG.

KA-BOOM

CLANK

CLANK

YEAH! DOES THAT TICKLE? TAKE THA—

HEEWAAAUH!

KER-POOSH

LET'S SEE YOU HIT A MOVING TARGET, SUCKER!

DAMN!

SMASH

KER POOSH

BEE-BEE, IS THAT YOU? I THINK I'M HURT REAL BAD. THIS MIGHT BE IT, BEBOP.

I'M-I'M NOT DOING TOO GOOD MYSELF ROCKSTE-=COUGH ROCKST-=HACK COUGH= RO-=COUGH=-CK-=COUGH HACK=-STE- =HACK HACK GURGLE COUGH=-DY! =SIIIGH= BUT WE'LL BE FI-FINE.

CHUN CHUN

THERE YOU ARE. HIDING. LIKE RATS!

HEY! YOU TAKE THAT BACK! FORE I CRAWL OUTTA HERE AND...

WE- =COUGH HACK HACK COUGH=

SHUT UP! YOU KILLED MY SISTER. NOW SHE WILL BE *AVENGED!*

CRACK

CRACK

NO! SOMEBODY HELP!

squee

ROCK, WE'RE ROLLING...

squee squee squee

SK

BOOM!

SAY GOODBYE.

WHOOP

THIS IS THE EARTH PROTECTION FORCE. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND LIE FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND. BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE. TURN YOURSELVES IN PEACEFULLY.

SHULK

SHULK

FIGHT THEM! DON'T LET THEM TAKE US!

YyAAAAH!!

IF IT ISN'T *XIANG FEI TONG!*

ALREADY BACK TO INFECTING AND CORRUPTING THE WORLD!

AND I'M THE *VACCINE.*

YOU'RE A *DISEASE!*

AGENT RAVENWOOD, WE'VE GOT THEM, MA'AM.

FANTASTIC. SHOW ME.

THEY SEEM TO BE SOME KIND OF MECH-SUITS.

SNIFF YEAH, I'VE SEEN SIMILAR PROTOTYPES.

I HAD NO IDEA THESE WERE ON THE BLACK MARKET.

-HK!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MECH-SUITS! ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP ARE MUTANTS! FIND THEM! THEY'LL BE HARD TO MISS!

THEY ARE MONSTERS!

HEH HEH. THAT'S RIGHT...

WE'RE MONSTERS.

art by DUSTIN WEAVER

FRESH
BLACK-ICE
BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY
HIT THE ROAD #3
art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MICHAEL GARLAND

BELOW GROUND, AWAY FROM THE EARTH PROTECTION AGENTS THAT NOW COMB THE PORT OF HOUSTON, AT THE BOTTOM OF A DRAINAGE BASIN.

DRIP

DRIP

WE'LL BE SAFE DOWN HERE.

CAN YOU HEAR ME... BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY? HAVE YOU GIVEN UP? SUCCUMBED TO DEATH?

OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T. IT SEEMS THAT EVEN AS HUMANS YOU DOGGEDLY PERSIST, TOO STUPID TO KNOW WHEN IT'S ALL OVER. BUT THAT'S GOOD!

ONCE AGAIN, BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY, I HAVE COME BACK FOR YOU!

FWASH

DRIP

I AM *SAVANTI ROMERO*, YOUR ONETIME MASTER, AND I HAVE COME TO SAVE YOU!

SPLSH

EVEN THOUGH THE LAST TIME WE MET YOU WRETCHED FOOLS WERE VERY, *VERY* RUDE!

A-AND THAT WAS... THE FIRST TIME WE MET.

...BEAT YOU GOOD...

HA HA HA, RIGHT! FOR YOU IT WAS THE FIRST TIME... NEVERTHELESS, I'M READY TO FORGIVE YOU.

WITH MY MAGIC I WILL SAVE YOUR MISERABLE LIVES. I WILL CHANGE YOU BACK INTO MUTANTS, BUT IN EXCHANGE YOU WILL ONCE MORE SERVE ME AS MY LOYAL HENCHMEN. YOUR LOYALTY FOR YOUR LIVES... DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

...SSS...

BZZZZ

YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP. WHAT WAS THAT?

Y-YES GLHCK—

GOOD. GOOD. HOLD STILL. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.

BOOP

BEEP

ZOOP

NOW! STEP BACK FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH AND RETURN TO YOUR MUTANT MODE.

YOUR *MASTER*, SAVANTI ROMERO, *COMMANDS* IT!

BWOOSH

WE'RE BACK, BEBOP. WE'RE *BACK!*

I WAS GOING INTO A LIGHT.

I HEARD MY GRAMMY CALLING TO ME, SAYIN' I BEEN BAD AND I WAS COMING THE WRONG WAY, AND I WAS LIKE, "SHUT UP, YA OL' BAG."

AND SHE WAS LIKE, "YOU SHUT—"

WOW, MY ARM'S STILL JACKED UP.

AS MUTANTS YOUR WOUNDS HEAL QUICKLY, BUT WE'LL STILL NEED TO SET THAT BONE USING THIS BRACE. DOES THAT HURT?

TICKLES.

CLICK

CHAK

WE CAN EVEN SEE WHEN IT'S HEALED WITH THIS X-RAY FEATURE.

WHAAA?!

VMMMM

WE'RE MUTANTS AGAIN, I GOT A BONE ARM NOW, *AND* AS IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, WE'RE ALSO NOT DEAD!

MAN, SAVANTI BOSS, YOU'RE THE BEST WEIRD LITTLE DEVIL GUY EVER!

NO HUGS. NO HUGS! YOU'LL TOTALLY GET BLOOD ALL OVER MY UNIFORM, YOU CLUELESS FOOLS!

NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN.

YOU WILL COME BACK WITH ME TO THE *79TH DIMENSION*. AS MY SERVANTS YOU WILL HELP ME STORM THE PARADOX PRESIDIO AND KILL SUPREME JUSTICE LORD DISCORDANCE.

THE 70-NICE-TO-MENTION? BUT WE WAS TRYIN' TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK.

SEVENTY NINTH *DEE-MEN-SION*. AND YOU CAN SO TOTALLY FORGET ABOUT NEW *WORK!*

SINCE MY ESCAPE FROM EXILE I'VE BEEN ON THE RUN, OPERATING ON THE FRINGES, FLYING UNDER THE RADAR, WHILE I REBUILD MY POWER.

THAT IS UNTIL THAT WHISTLE-STOPPER DISCORDANCE JOINED THE COUNCIL. FOR YEARS NOW HE'S BEEN AFTER ME.

YEARS? BUT IT AINT BEEN THAT LONG.

FOR YOU. FOR ME TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE OUR TIME ON PREHISTORIC EARTH.

ROCKSTEADY, DOES THAT MEAN WE WAS DRIVING FOR TEN YEARS?

HE SAID "FOR HIM." GUY MUST LIVE ON DOG YEARS OR SOMETHIN', BOP.

STORMING THE PRESIDIO IS SOMETHING I CAN'T DO ALONE.

I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO PULL IT OFF BECAUSE LIKE EVERY HENCHMAN I BRING *STABS ME IN THE BACK!*

WHAT I NEED IS COMPLETE *LOYALTY!* AND A WILLINGNESS TO COMMIT *VILE ATROCITIES.*

ASSUMIN' "VILE ATROCITIES" MEANS WHAT WE THINK IT MEANS, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT GUYS.

YEAH, AND I GUESS WE AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE WITH THE LOYALTY PART.

YOU'RE MORE RIGHT THAN YOU KNOW, BEBOP.

THE SPELL I USED TO TURN YOU BACK INTO MUTANTS WILL SOON WEAR OFF AND *ONLY I* CAN CAST IT AGAIN.

WE'LL HELP YOU.

PAP!

LORD DISCO-DANCE IS DEAD.

EPF

THEY HAVE TO BE HERE... I CAN FEEL IT—

TWITCH

FLICK

AGENT RAVENWOOD, WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE.

THIS IS FOOTAGE FROM A SECURITY CAMERA TAKEN HERE AT THE PORT.

AND WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS FOOTAGE, AGENT?

WAIT JUST A MOMENT... THERE! THERE DID YOU SEE?

EPF

THEY JUST *VANISHED!*

THIS DUMPSTER, WHERE IS IT? AND WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THESE TWO MEN?

WE KNOW ONE OF THEM WORKS HERE AT THE PORT. HIS NAME IS MAXENCE NE—

DOOOOOM

DOOOOOM

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?!

DOOOO

WEST SAN ANTONIO

EAST BEAUMONT

MY GOD. WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

CAN'T GET A LOCK ON SAVANTI, BUT WE ARE READING A MATCH ON THE DIMENSIONAL DISRUPTIONS.

HE'S LIKE TOTALLY USING DISTORTION FIELDS TO MASK HIS SIGNAL.

PUT THIS CITY ON DIMENSIONAL LOCKDOWN. NOBODY IN OR OUT TILL WE CATCH HIM.

WE'LL TURN THIS PLACE UPSIDE DOWN IF WE HAVE TO.

INVERSION CONVERSION

THIS WAY! WE MUST HURRY!

DANG, IT FEELS GOOD TO BE MUTANTS AGAIN! I FEEL LIKE MYSELF.

WE WAS NEVER CUT OUT TO BE ONE OF THESE LOSE-NERDS.

AND I GUESS BEING SAVANT! BOSS' HENCHMEN AGAIN IS PROBABLY THE BEST WE'RE GONNA GET.

HENCHMEN AGAIN!

I WAS REALLY GETTING USED TO US BEING A GANG OF TWO, BUT THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT!

SILENCE, YOU NINNYS! HERE IT IS!

LOFTS

ALWAYS LEASING

15 15

NOW HURRY ABOARD! THE *TIME MASTERS* ARE COMING.

LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG!

BZZZH

VMMM

GOT HIM! FLYING A DIMENSION-80 CLASS TIME-VESSEL.

INVERSION CONVERSION

...WELL, I'D RATHER BE A ROTTEN EGG BECAUSE NOBODY WOULD EAT ME.

WAIT, IS IT THAT YOU CAN BE A ROTTEN EGG OR A FRESH EGG?

WHAT, NO! YOU'RE A ROTTEN EGG OR YOU'RE YOUR NORMAL SELF!

THAT MAKES *NO* SENSE.

BOOM

SZAK

SZAK

CURSES! THEY'VE FOUND US AND I CAN'T OPEN A PORTAL! THEY MUST HAVE LOCKED THE *WHOLE CITY* DOWN.

SZAK

SZAK

SZAK

HOW CAN WE HELP, SAVANT! BOSS?

USE THE SCRAPPER-PODS. THEY'RE SIMPLE TO FLY. EVEN YOU STUPID TWITS CAN DO IT.

YOU WANT US TO FLY THOSE?

HEY, BEBOP, YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

HA HA! OH YEAH! LET'S TAKE IT TO THE DANGER ZONE!

MY MAN!

THESE FOOLS HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED ME.

NOW WITH THE THREE OF US WE'LL TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM AND THEY WILL RUE THE DAY THEY CROSSED... *SAVANTI ROMERO!*

KA-CHOO

YEAH, WE'LL POUND THESE PUKES TO PARTICLES!

KA-CHOO

WEAPONS? CHECK. ONE HIGH-POWERED MUTANT? CHECK. A PILE OF DEAD MEAT?

COMING RIGHT UP.

HA-HA-HA-HA

OKAY, B, LETS SEE WHAT THESE PUPPIES CAN DO.

ROCK AND ROLL!

SKIOOOOO

BOOM

WHAT ARE YOU BUFFOONS DOING?!

JUST GETTING A FEEL FOR HER, SAVANTI BOSS, AND BUILDINGS?

TURNS OUT WE WANT TO *AVOID* THEM.

ROGER THAT, BEBOP, AVOID BUILDINGS. I'M ENGAGING THE BOGIES. VECTOR 709ER.

TALK TO ME, BOPWOP.

POP POP

ROGER. *UM.* CONTACT AT 20 KNOTS. I'LL GET A VISUAL ID, ROCK. YOU HOOK EM...

SMASH

ROGER. AND I'LL CLEAN EM AND FRY EM.

WHAT IS THIS IDIOTIC BABBLE?! THIS ISN'T *FISHING!* SHUT UP AND GET THEM OFF MY TAIL!

CRASH

GOT ANOTHER BUILDING.

GET BACK IN THE GAME, B!

IT'S NO GOOD... IT'S NO GOOD! TALK TO ME, *GOOSE*...

CAPTAIN, YOU WANT US TO LIKE, PURSUE THE SCRAPPER PODS OR WHAT?

NEGATIVE. THEY... DON'T SEEM TO BE A THREAT. STAY ON SAVANTI.

VRRRRRRRRRRR

TRANS-DIMENSIONAL CRAFT, THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT RAVENWOOD WITH THE EARTH PROTECTION FORCE.

PLEASE RESPOND. IF YOU DO NOT CEASE YOUR ACTIVITY WE WILL BE FORCED TO FIRE ON YOU.

VEEEEE

LOOK OUT!

...WAS THA—OH NO!

R

EFF

A

IT'S FINE. I'M OKAY.

BEBOP? *BEBOP*, THIS IS SAVANTI WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

IT'S THEM! BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY ARE IN THE SMALLER AIRCRAFT!

SZAK

SZAK

SZAK

BEBOP! ROCKSTEADY! YOU NIMRODS, WHERE ARE YOU?!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING THESE COPS OFF ME! I COMMAND YOU TO GET THEM! DO YOU HEAR ME?

I'LL TURN YOU HUMAN AGAIN! DON'T MAKE ME DO IT!

GEEZ, TAKE A CHILL PILL, BOSS.

BEBOP, I'LL TAKE A CHILL PILL *ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK!* NOW GET OVER HERE!

VRROOOOOM

BEEEEEP

DON'T WORRY, SAVANTI BOSS, I'LL SAVE YOU!

DIE, SUPERIOR FEED BAGS!

PUNCH

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

HAHA! WICKED COOL!

OH, DANG! WHERE'S THE BRAKES?
eeeeee
OOOOOOSH!
WHAM
WHAM

BEBOP, LISTEN TO ME. MY NAME IS RAVENWOOD. THESE HELICOPTERS ARE WITH THE EARTH PROTECTION FORCE.

WE'RE HERE TO HELP. I NEED YOU TO LAND PEACEFULLY AND COME WITH ME.

I PROMISE NOBODY IS GOING TO HURT YOU.

HURT ME? *HURT ME?* I WOULD *LOVE* TO SEE THEM TRY!

NAH, NAH, NAH, I'M ONTO YOUR GAME. RAZZMATAZZ TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE MEN IN BLACK WITH YOUR BLACK HELICOPTERS AND ALL THE TERRIBLE THINGS YOU WOULD DO TO US!

WHAM

YOU CAN FORGET IT, LADY!

BEBOP, NO—

EPF

YOU DON'T MESS WITH THE BEST!

HIS MANEUVERABILITY IS SUPERIOR TO OURS, MA'AM! WE CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS.

WHAM

NO MORE! NO MORE LIVES WILL BE LOST. THIS ENDS NOW.

YOU SEEM DETERMINED TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY. YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.

WHOOSH

SHOOO

BOOM!

Y-Y-YOU DON'T MESS... W-W-WITH THE BE—

BLUGH

ALL UNITS OPEN FIRE.

RAT TATA TATA TAT

TA TA BAM

BAM

YOU LOUSY PONDSCUMS. LETS SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN DISH OUT!

?

PSHOO

SMASH

BLLLLT

MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

MY DO!

CRASH

VMMMMM!

CRETIN, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAVE *ME!*

WE'VE UNLOCKED SAVANTI'S RADIO CHANNEL. WE CAN TOTALLY TALK TO HIM NOW.

SAVANTI ROMERO, LAND YOUR CRAFT AND SURRENDER. WE'VE GOT YOU. THERE'S NO ESCAPE.

HA HA! AS IF! I'LL NEVER SURRENDER. I'LL NEVER KOWTOW TO YOUR COUNCIL OF *CORRUPTION.*

CORRUPTION? YOU'RE ONE TO TALK, SAVANTI. YOUR CHARACTER'S AS ATROCIOUS AS YOUR APPEARANCE.

DISCORDANCE? IS THAT YOU? YOU *WOULD* COME FOR ME PERSONALLY. I MEAN LIKE GET A LIFE, MAN!

THAT'S SO FUNNY, I FORGOT TO LAUGH, BECAUSE IT'S LIKE YOU WHO'S *TOTALLY TRYING TO KILL ME!*

KILL YOU? WHO TOLD YOU THESE LIES? YOU'RE THE ONE AFTER ME! I ONLY WANT TO BE LEFT IN PEACE!

OH, I AM SO SURE. SAVE YOUR LIES, YOU JOKE. YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK INTO MY ESTATE. I KNOW EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING? YOU KNOW NOTHING. NO. YOU KNOW ONE THING AND IT'S HOW TO BE A TOTAL IDIOT.

ENOUGH! CAPTAIN, BRING THIS DONKEY-CLOWN DOWN!

DONKEY CLOWN! HE GOT YOU GOOD, SAVANTI.

WHO'S THAT? WHO ELSE IS ON THIS CHANNEL?

UM... NOBODY. *UH,* I'M A GHOST. ***OOOOHH!***

HA. JUST KIDDING YA, DISCO.

IT'S ME, THE GUY WITH A SUPER BLASTER POINTED AT YOUR BUTT.

ROCKSTEADY, WAIT!

TURN AND BURN!

SZAAAMO!

SSMAASHH

UH, SAVANTI BOSS? YOU ALIVE?

94:56:1:88:10:

WE'VE GOT YOU, ROCKSTEADY.

KA-CHUNK

KA-CHUNK

KA-CHUNK

PREPARE FOR THE INCAPACITATOR EMISSION.

BRRZZ

POP

OH. NOT AGAIN.

IT BRINGS ME SO MUCH PLEASURE TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS, SAVANTI.

THE COUNCIL HAS CALLED FOR YOU TO BE EXILED TO THE ICE AGE, BUT I'LL BE PRESSING FOR A SENTENCING WITH MORE... FINALITY TO IT.

I'LL GET FREE. I *ALWAYS* GET FREE!

AND WHEN I DO, SAY YOUR PRAYERS, DISCO-DANCE, CAUSE BY THE SANDS OF TIME *I WILL TOTALLY HAVE MY VENGEANCE!*

OKAY, SO. BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY... YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST FOR 1. CONSPIRING TO MURDER A MEMBER OF THE HIGH COUNCIL 2. OPERATING LIKE TOTALLY ILLEGAL TRANSDIMENSIONAL VEHICLES 3. RESISTING ARREST—

HEY, SAVE YOUR BREATH, PAL.

YEAH. YOU HEARD IT ONCE, YOU HEARD IT A THOUSAND TIMES.

LIKE, FINE BY US. BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW, WE'RE TOTALLY TAKING YOU TO THE 79TH DIMENSION TO BE PUT IN PRISON, SO LIKE, YEAH.

WHAT THE—

GAH! NO! SAVANTI WAS RIGHT.

HIS SPELL DID WEAR OFF. AND MY ARM... THIS REALLY HURTS.

HUH, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS. THESE TWO HAVE GOT SOME KIND OF TIME FIELD STUCK ON THEM, IT LIKE REVERTS THEIR BODIES BACK TO A PERIOD EIGHT YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE KIDDING!

WELL, LIKE LOOK AT THEM.

I'LL JUST ERASE IT.

ENOOSH

WE'RE BACK, BEBOP. WE'RE *BACK!*

YOU KNOW IT WAS TOTALLY SAVANTI THAT PUT THAT TIME FIELD ON YOU, RIGHT?

UH... SAVANTI WHAT NOW?

SAVANTI! HE CHANGED YOU INTO HUMANS TO MANIPULATE YOU. MAKE YOU THINK YOU NEEDED HIM.

...INTERESTING.

STILL NOT GETTING IT, *HUH?*

WAIT. WAIT WAIT WAIT.

WHERE?

THAT QUESTION DOESN'T EVEN APPLY! SAVANTI! PLAYED YOU FOR CHUMPS! *GET IT?*

GREAT! JUST GREAT. THESE TWO AREN'T EVEN IN THE RIGHT DIMENSION. THEY'RE ONE VARIANT OFF.

NO! I AM NOT HAULING THESE GUYS TO THE *BOPSTEADY VERSE.*

I'M LIKE SO SICK OF HAVING TO DO THAT. IT'S JUST ONE VARIANT! THAT'S NOTHING!

RULES ARE RULES. GOTTA RESTRAIN 'EM.

CLIK CHICK

VEEEEE

AAAHHH

HA! HE DID IT AGAIN! GET HIM, LITTLE GUY!

RIP EM UP!

ACTUALLY, I'M STARVING. LEMME GET IN ON THAT...

HEY, BUDDY, CHECK IT OUT, OUR NEW CAR!

WE'RE BACK ON TRACK, BIG BOPPER. *NEW YORK, HERE WE COME!*

WONDER WHAT KIND OF TUNES THEY GOT IN HERE.

VREEE

VREEE

art by RYAN BROWNE

BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY
HIT THE ROAD #4

art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MICHAEL GARLAND

TWO TORNADOES SWEPT THROUGH DOWNTOWN HOUSTON, TEXAS, EARLY TUESDAY MORNING.

YOU CAN SEE HERE IN THIS CELL PHONE VIDEO CARS BEING LIFTED AND TOSSED ACROSS THE STREET.

BREAKING NEWS
Disembodied floating cow head confirme

ALL THROUGHOUT THE CITY WE CAN SEE SEEMINGLY RANDOM AREAS OF DAMAGE, LIKE THESE SECTIONS OF BUILDINGS SMASHED IN BY FLYING DEBRIS.

BIGFOOT XING

CHUPACABRA

YO QUIERO CREER

DIVISIÓN

¡AY, DIOS!?

A COVER UP! OH *JEEZ*, OH MAN. I SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS IN MY VIDEO!

IN ONE OF MEXICO'S MOST COSMOPOLITAN CITIES, MONTERREY, THE CAPITAL OF NUEVO LEON.

I'LL TALK WHILE I DRIVE. GIVES IT SOME URGENCY. MAYBE TONIGHT I'LL FIND SOMETHING GOOD IN THAT SPOOKY OLD TOWER.

Takis

¿HECTOR, ESTAS LLEVANDO TODOS LOS CHIPS Y SODAS OTRA VEZ?

¡EL TRABAJO ME DA HAMBRE!

OH, I KNOW. GOING OUT CHUPACABRA HUNTING AGAIN?

LET US KNOW IF YOU CATCH A BIGFOOT OR A LITTLE GREEN MAN, OKAY? **HA HA HA!**

SURE, LAUGH, BUT I KNOW ***ALIENS*** ARE REAL! I'VE MET THEM.

SO... YOU'VE MET ALIENS?

OH JEEZ.

IN THE EARTH PROTECTION FORCE HEADQUARTERS.

LOOKING OUT ACROSS WASHINGTON, D.C., THE NERVE CENTER OF GOVERNMENT AND POWER IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN MANY WAYS, THE WORLD.

THE TECH COMING IN FROM HOUSTON IS INCREDIBLE.

OVER THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, WE'VE LEARNED MORE ABOUT TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL THAN WE'VE EVER KNOWN.

BUT, FROM WHAT LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT TIME MASTERS, IT'S LIKELY THEY'LL COME BACK TO CLEAN UP AFTER THEMSELVES.

I COULD COME INTO THE LAB TOMORROW AND FIND ALL OF THEIR TECH HAS JUST VANISHED.

POINT TAKEN, DR. SHEVLIN. GET BACK TO IT.

BUT DOCTOR, FOCUS YOUR STUDY ON WEAPONS AND DEFENSE CAPABILITIES.

EPF

ONE OF THESE VESSELS IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF TWO DANGEROUS MUTANTS. WE NEED TO KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THEM.

AGENT RAVENWOOD, IT SEEMS THIS CASE HAS... GOTTEN AWAY FROM YOU.

IT'S BIGGER THAN WE THOUGHT, BUT YES. I ACCEPT MY RESPONSIBILITY IN THIS.

THE PAIN AND DESTRUCTION BROUGHT ON BY BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY WEIGHS HEAVILY ON MY CONSCIENCE.

I'M NOT YOUR THERAPIST, AGENT. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE AND WHERE THEY'RE GOING?

THE CRAFT IS DIFFICULT FOR OUR SATELLITES TO TRACK. IT CAN JUST APPEAR IN DIFFERENT PLACES, BUT WE'RE PIECING TOGETHER ITS PATH.

IS THERE A PATTERN, AGENT?

THEY COULD CARRY OUT AN ACT OF TERRORISM ON A GLOBAL SCALE. I'M SURE THAT'S MORE PAIN AND DESTRUCTION YOU DON'T WANT ON YOUR PRECIOUS LITTLE MIND.

THEY COULD, OR THEY COULD BE OPERATING IMPULSIVELY, REACTING TO IMMEDIATE THREATS.

PREMEDITATED COORDINATED EFFORT MIGHT NOT BE IN THEIR CHARACTER.

MIGHT NOT BE IN THEIR CHARACTER? THESE ARE KILLERS! YOU'VE SEEN IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES.

WHAT DO YOU CALL WHAT HAPPENED IN HOUSTON?

FRANKLY, AGENT RAVENWOOD, I DON'T TRUST WHAT *YOU* THINK IS IN, OR OUT, OF THE MUTANT CHARACTER. YOU CONTINUALLY SYMPATHIZE WITH THE MUTANT...

I SUPPOSE BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.

I HAVE SYMPATHY FOR ANY CREATURE THAT SUFFERS.

AND I AM NOT ONE OF THEM.

YOU'RE A FAILED EXPERIMENT. A *FREAK*.

A FAILED EXPERIMENT IS RIGHT, BUT I EMBRACE WHAT I'VE BECOME.

AND WHAT, IN YOUR VIEW, IS THAT, RAVENWOOD?

HONESTLY, I'M THE BRIDGE BETWEEN HUMANS AND MUTANTS, AND YES—A FREAK...

...BUT AT LEAST I CAN FACE THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT I AM.

EVENTUALLY THIS DEPARTMENT WILL NEED INTERNAL PURIFICATION, AGENT. NO BRIDGES, NO TUNNELS, NO FERRIES. JUST THE RIGHT SIDE AND THE WRONG SIDE...

YOU'RE DISMISSED.

...

...

YOU KNOW, YOUR FATHER AND I WORKED TOGETHER TO DEVELOP THE OLYMPIAN AUGMENT.

WE WERE FRIENDS...

HE'D BE ASHAMED TO SEE HIS ORGANIZATION RAN INTO THE GROUND.

BROWDER, I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS.

NOT MUCH YET. HOW'D IT GO WITH BISHOP?

WENT OKAY. HE THREATENED ME, BUT— OKAY.

WHEN HE'S REALLY READY TO GO FREAK-TO-FREAK, WE'LL SEE WHO'S THREATENING WHO.

DO WE KNOW WHERE BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY ARE NOW...?

ABOVE THE SNOWY PEAKS OF THE *HIMALAYAS*, ON THE CREST OF THE TIBETAN PLATEAU.

...BUT HE'S *ALSO* A CHIPMUNK!

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALVIN AND *THE OTHER* CHIPMUNKS!

OKAY! WE GOT IT THIS TIME.

THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE WAY TO NEW YORK!

KEEP THINKIN' HOW THAT COP SAID WE WAS CHUMPS.

I HATE CHUMPS, ROCKSTEADY! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT! THEY SAY "HEY, YOU KNOW BEBOP? YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY WHO HATES CHUMPS!"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BEBOP, BUT I THINK SAVANTI BOSS MIGHTA' TRICKED US.

THAT COP SAID SAVANTI MADE US HUMAN AGAIN. SO *HE* MADE US GET JOBS!

AND HE MADE ME CUT MY EAR OFF, WHICH I THINK IS GROWING BACK, BUT *IT ITCHES!*

WE ALMOST DIED.

ON THE OTHER HAND—

BONE-ARM BEBOP.

CHECK OUT THE BONE, BABY.

ABOVE THE PRIMORDIAL, MOSQUITO-TEEMING SWAMP OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

THIS DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

I THINK WE'RE GETTING CLOSER, THOUGH.

WE GOTTA GET A GOOD BOSS. SOMEONE WHO SEES WE AIN'T CHUMPS, YOU KNOW?

WE GOT A LOT TO OFFER, YOU AND ME.

OH MAN! CHECK THIS STUFF OUT!

IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. HIGH ABOVE THE PUERTO RICO TRENCH.

BEBOP, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THE WORLD IS ROUND, RIGHT? I FIGURE TAKE A SHORTCUT AND GO THROUGH THE MIDDLE!

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL. OVER THE FORMER HOME OF BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY.

WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED.

ALL OF THAT DRIVING WAS FOR NOTHING!

HOME

THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, 500 MILES EAST OF HAWAI'I.

HA HA! THAT'S THREE!

SHE'S BEEN IN THERE FOR HALF AN HOUR...

XIANG'S NOT TALKING.

THAT'S ONE SCARY LADY.

WHICH ONE?

AND THANKS FOR THIS, BY THE WAY.

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW. WHAT WERE ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP DOING IN HOUSTON?

WHAT'S THEIR CONNECTION TO THE TIME MASTERS?

WHY ARE THEY FLYING TO VARIOUS LOCATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD?

HELP ME. THIS COULD BE YOUR CHANCE TO DO TO THEM... WHAT THEY DID TO YOU.

...

OKAY, XIANG... BEFORE I PUT YOU BACK IN YOUR CELL FOR WHAT WILL CERTAINLY BE A LONG, LONG TIME, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS FOR ME?

THESE MEN, WHO ARE THEY?

HE HE HEHAHA HAHA!

HU-UH. NO WAY. I'M NOT SAYING NOTHING TO YOU. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THIS IS.

YOU'RE GOVERNMENT SPOOKS, THE MEN IN BLACK. THAT SORT OF THING.

PROBABLY ALIENS IN DISGUISE!

I CAN SEE THAT THERE'S NO FOOLING YOU, RAZZMATAZZ.

WE'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE WE'VE SEEN YOUR ONLINE VIDEOS...

AND YOU HAVE GOTTEN TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH.

W-WHAT? REALLY?

YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED IN HOUSTON?

Y-YEAH...

I'M SURE YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT IT WASN'T TORNADOES.

IT-IT WAS AN ALIEN INVASION ATTACK, WASN'T IT?

...DO YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL ANYONE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU?

OF COURSE.

BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY, THE CREATURES FROM YOUR VIDEO, ARE IN DANGER.

ALIENS ARE AFTER THEM. THE GREYS, NORDICS, AND THE REPTILIANS, THEY ALL WANT TO KILL YOUR FRIENDS...

I KNEW IT. THAT BAT ALIEN REALLY SEEMED TO HATE THEM, TOO.

RIGHT. THE BAT FROM YOUR VIDEOS.

BUT WE ARE TRYING TO PROTECT BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY. ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS WHERE THEY ARE.

DID THEY TELL YOU WHERE THEY WERE GOING, WHAT THEIR MISSION WAS?

WELL...

JUST EAST OF CASPER, WYOMING, IN THE LAND OF WIND AND DIRT.

Oaf 'N Jug

THANKS A LOT, YOU JERKS. NOW I HAVE NO JOB...

WAIT! TAKE ME WITH YOU!

IT'S LIKE THE OCEAN EXCEPT... DIRT.

CIRCUS ANIMALS

Doritos

ALL RIGHT! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET ON THE I-80 AND IT'S LIKE A STRAIGHT SHOT ALL THE WAY HOME!

HA HA! OF COURSE! A *MAP!* YOU'RE A GENIUS, ROCKMAN!

WE'LL BE THERE IN NO TIME!

READY THE CHOPPERS, WE'RE MOVING EVERYTHING TO NEW YORK!

YOU BELIEVE HIM? THEY'RE ONLY GOING TO NEW YORK?

IF THAT'S IT, THEN WHY ARE THEY FLYING ALL OVER THE WORLD?

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT, AGENT BROWDER, AND I THINK—THEY'RE *LOST.*

WAIT, WHAT? YOU THINK THEY'RE LOST?

THERE WAS A MOMENT IN HOUSTON, WHEN WE WERE IN THE CHOPPERS AND I COULD SEE BEBOP IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS AIRCRAFT, WHEN HE DID SOMETHING... STRANGE.

HE SMILED AT ME AND WAVED.

HE W-WAVED? I DON'T GET IT.

HE'S LIKE A CHILD. SOMEHOW THEIR TRANSITION FROM ANIMAL TO MUTANT MUST NOT HAVE ENHANCED THEIR MINDS LIKE WE'VE SEEN IN OTHER MUTANTS.

THEY'RE MENTALLY STUNTED, BASICALLY CHILDREN.

IT MAKES TOTAL SENSE... AND I THINK THEY'RE LOST.

BZZZ BZZZ

DR. SHEVLIN.

RAVENWOOD, THIS IS DR. SHEVLIN—

YES. I KNOW.

UH. YEAH. LOOK, I'M DOWN IN THE LAB HERE, AND WELL, WE THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE.

AGENT RAVENWOOD, WELCOME TO THE SCRAPYARD.

TYPICALLY NOT OUR MOST ACTIVE LAB, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE NOW WE'RE AT FULL CAPACITY.

OTHER THAN THESE SHIPS, IT HASN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE THE OLD DAYS.

YOU KNOW, I STUDIED THE DATA ON YOUR OLYMPIAN AUGMENT EXPERIMENT.

MUCH OF WHAT WE'RE DOING THESE DAYS IN GENETICS OWES SOMETHING TO YOUR CASE.

I'M NOT SURE I FIND THAT COMFORTING, DOCTOR.

IN FACT, I HAVE SEVERAL THEORIES AS TO WHAT WENT WRONG WITH YOUR—

DOCTOR SHEVLIN, YOU CALLED ME HERE FOR A REASON. WHAT WAS IT?

YES. OF COURSE. RIGHT THIS WAY.

WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS THE CONTROL CONSOLE OF ONE OF THE TRANS-DIMENSIONAL VESSELS.

AMAZINGLY, MOST OF ITS CIRCUITRY HAS REMAINED INTACT.

CALCULATING AND REGULATING THE ELECTRICAL CURRENT PROVED DIFFICULT.

THE SYSTEM INCLUDES A COMPLEX NETWORK OF CAPACITORS. I WAS CERTAIN I COULD—

DOCTOR, I APPRECIATE YOUR EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH, BUT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

YES, OF COURSE IT IS. I'LL CUT TO THE CHASE.

SO TO SPEAK.

WE MANAGED TO GET THE COMMUNICATION SYSTEM OPERATIONAL.

WE CAN TALK TO ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP.

RIGHT NOW?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THE HONORS?

DANG IT— WOULD YOUS CUT THAT OUT, YOU STUPID DINOSAUR? I'M TRYING TO DRIVE HERE.

HMMM. I WONDER WHAT THIS IS.

WHOA. I THINK WE JUST MISSED THE OFF-RAMP. BEBOP, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY NAVA—NALVA—GATOR— YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MAP-AGATOR.

CLICK CLICK

HA HA! I FOUND THEIR TUNES! I KNEW THEY HAD TO ROCK OUT TO SOMETHING!

THAT'S A WILD SOUND, MAN! WIIIILD!

YO, BOPTILLYOUDROP, WHAT DO THEY CALL THIS FUNKY SOUND?

IT SAYS, "N'SHO-V."

BEBOP ROCKSTEADY

GHHAAA!

WHAT WAS THAT?

SKULL BUSTER

THIS N'SHO-V MUSIC IS PRETTY WEIRD STUFF.

BEBOP. ROCKSTEADY. THIS IS AGENT RAVENWOOD. BEBOP, WE MET. I WAS THE ONE ON THE HELICOPTER.

I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE SO I CAN HELP YOU.

I WANT TO HELP.

YOU KNOW THIS BROAD?

I UNDERSTAND HOW CONFUSING ALL OF THIS MUST BE FOR YOU.

I KNOW IT SEEMS THAT ALL HUMANS MEAN YOU HARM, BUT I'M NOT LIKE THEM... I'M ACTUALLY MORE LIKE YOU—

HELLO. HELLO.

BEBOP, IS THAT YOU?

YE—I MEAN, NO. I'M A LITTLE GIRL. MY NAME I-IS *UH*—

SAY YOU'RE A GHOST. SAY YOU'RE A—

SHHHHHUT UP. UH, MY NAME IS... SUSIE—NO, ***HEATHER!***

HA HA HA!

BEBOP, ROCKSTEADY, I KNOW IT'S YOU. I TALKED TO YOUR FRIEND RAZZMATAZZ.

HE TOLD ME THAT YOU ARE TRYING TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK. I'M GOING TO BE THERE WAITING FOR YOU.

I WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS I HAVE TO. I'M HOPING YOU CHOOSE TO COME WITH ME PEACEFULLY.

RAZZMATAZZ? THAT TWERP RATTED ON US TO THE MEN IN BLACK!

YOU BE A HERO TO ONE DUDE, AND THIS IS WHAT YOU GET! STABBED IN THE BUTT-HIND!

I KNOW THAT LIFE WAS SIMPLER WHEN YOU WERE JUST ANIMALS.

YOU'VE UNDERGONE A TRAUMA AGAINST YOUR WILL. I UNDERSTAND—

WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, LADY? FIRST, THE NAME'S HEATHER. SECOND, THE ONLY SIMPLE ANIMAL AROUND HERE IS YOU.

AND HEY, DONKEY CLOWN, WHEN WE SEE YOU IN NEW YORK YOUR FACE IS GOING TO UNDERGO A DRAMA. *HA HA*... AND OH YEAH, I'M A GHOST. *OOOOOOOOHH!*

YOU PUNKS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH!

IF I WANTED TO, I COULD TAKE YOU APART!

DON'T PUSH ME!

HA HA HA! "YOU PUNKSH, NO IDEA WA YOU DEALING WISH. I TAKE YOU APARSH." HA HA HA!

FFFRRRT! FFFFRRT!

TURN IT OFF.

TOMP TOMP TOMP

OH, AGENT RAVENWOOD, GLAD I RAN INTO YOU—

BROWDER, SHEVLIN HAS SOME TECH FOR US THAT WILL DISABLE THEIR VESSEL. I WANT IT LOADED AND READY TO GO, ASAP.

YOU GOT IT.

IT'S THE FILES YOU ASKED FOR.

THOSE TWO MEN IN THE DUMPSTER, I GOT EVERYTHING ON THEM.

THEY HAVE EXTENSIVE CRIMINAL RECORDS.

JUVENILE DETENTION CENTE

NAME Genealdo M

RECIEVED 08/26/19

DATE OF BIRTH 03/06/

PLACE OF BIRTH Forest Ha

GENDER Male

HIGHT 73"

WEIGHT 180

EYE COLOR Brown

HAIR COLOR Black

OFFENSES: Assault, Burglary, D.U.
Possession of a contr
Resisting a

Armed Forces
United St

DEPARTMENT OF
UNITED ST

HONORABL
DISCHARG

Maxence Ne

Arson, Aggravated
Assault, Kidnappi
Vehicular Homicid
Animal cruelty, Lar
Felony, Involuntary
Theft, Armed robbery
Dueling, Smugglin
Murder, Home Inva
Negligent Homicide
Maybe

78
75
72
69
66
63

ALIASES: Bebop

ASES: Rocksteady

72
69
66
63

DAMN IT.

WHRRRRRRR

EPF

WHUPP WHUPP WHUPP WHUPP WHUPP WHUPP

EPF

IN NEW JERSEY, JUST ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER FROM NEW YORK CITY.

99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL, 99 BOTTLES OF BEER-TAKE ONE DOWN, PASS IT AROUND, 99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL—

99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL...

AGENT RAVENWOOD, WE'RE RECEIVING WORD THEY ARE JUST ACROSS THE RIVER. THE VESSEL IS FLYING AT A LOW ALTITUDE AND SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING THE ROADS.

EPF

IT APPEARS THEY ARE ACTUALLY STUCK IN TRAFFIC.

YOU'RE KIDDING. WELL, THEY'LL NEVER GET THAT THING IN THE TUNNEL.

WE'LL BLOCK OFF THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE AND POSITION OURSELVES THERE.

IT'S THE PERFECT TRAP.

TAKE ONE DOWN, PASS IT AROUND, 99 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE—THAT'S IT. I'M DONE SINGING THAT.

BUSTER

...MAYBE I SHOULDA TURNED ON SECONDY FOURTH...

DANG! NOW *THAT* LANE IS MOVING. I JUST GOT OUT OF THAT ONE.

JUST GET BACK IN IT.

HOLD ON. STAY COOL. I GOT A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS ONE.

HONK HONK

OH, I GOT AN IDEA! I'LL USE MY SPECIAL DRIVING TRICK! LET ME DRIVE.

I SHOULDA THOUGHT OF THAT!

REMEMBER WHAT KARAI SAID: "ONLY A SIMPLE MIND THINKS TO CHARGE FORWARD FOR EVERY SOLUTION."

SHE WAS RIGHT, MAN! THAT LADY WAS ALWAYS RIGHT!

HAHA! WE MADE IT, ROCKSTEADY. NEW YORK CITY, HOME SWEET HOME, DEAD AHEAD!

OH YEAH! OF COURSE WE MADE IT! YOU CAN'T STOP ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP—WAIT, WHAT'S THAT IN THE ROAD UP AHEAD?

BOOM

KA-CHUNK

BRRZZ

WHAM

SHOOM

YOU'S HAVE TO TAKE US ALIVE, PIGS!

WAKE UP, BOBBY, HERE'S A LOVE LETTER FROM YOUR UNCLE BLAST-O.

KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK

GWAH!

PSHOO PSHOO

LEMME OUT O' HERE! LEMME OUT O' HERE!

HEY! NO FAIR!

NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU, ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP. OR SHOULD I SAY MAXENCE AND GENEALDO? I'M RAVENWOOD.

YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD.

DEAD END!

WELL?

THE RESTRAINTS WERE MODIFIED JUST AS YOU REQUESTED, BISHOP.

WELL DONE, DR. SHEVLIN.

WELL DONE.

DR. SHEVLIN.

art by KYLE STRAHM

art by NICK PITARRA
colors by MICHAEL GARLAND

BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY
HIT THE ROAD #5

SUSPENDED BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.
YOU'RE THROUGH. YOU'LL BOTH BE LOCKED AWAY IN CELLS NOT EVEN YOU COULD BREAK OUT OF.
YOU'LL NEVER WALK FREE AGAIN. THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER, ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP.
OH NO, IT AIN'T THAT. IT'S THAT THIS IS WHERE OUR DINOSAUR KILLS YOU AND SAVES THE DAY.
HAHA! YEAH! HE DOES IT EVERY TIME.
DINOSAUR?
ANY MINUTE NOW... HE'LL POUNCE!

WHAT THE HELL, MAN!

YOU'RE OUT OF THE GANG! YOU HEAR US?!

I REALLY THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE CREATURES ACTING OUT OF CONFUSION AND FEAR—BUT NOW I SEE YOU FOR WHAT YOU REALLY ARE—TERRIBLE MEN WITH LONG LIVES OF DOING TERRIBLE THINGS.

YOU ARE MURDERERS WITHOUT CONSCIENCE. DESTROYERS OF LIVES WHO LAUGH AND DERIVE PLEASURE FROM THE PAIN OF OTHERS.

WAIT. IS THIS ABOUT THE PRANK CALL WE DID ON YOU? BECAUSE, WE WAS JUST HAVING FUN.

YEAH, LADY, GET OVER IT ALREADY.

I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE REAL MUTANTS, BUT IT TURNS OUT—YOU'RE JUST LOSERS.

WHADYUCALLUS?!

YOU CAN'T HOLD JOBS. YOU'RE KICKED OUT OF GANGS AND REJECTED BY YOUR PEERS. YOU FAIL AGAIN AND AGAIN BECAUSE YOU ARE—WEAK—CHUMPS.

IT'S READY.

SIR.

WHENEVER YOU ARE.

...NOT YET.

JUST WAIT TILL I GET OUT OF THIS THING.

ROCKSTEADY AND I, WE KILLED MUCH TOUGHER LADIES THAN YOU. FOR NO REASON!

BUT YOU'RE GIVIN' US ALL KIND OF REASONS.

NOT...

...

...YET.

LOAD THEM UP!

ALL WE WANTED WAS TO GET HOME!

THIS AIN'T FAIR!

FRICK THIS FRICKIN' THING! WHAT'S SHE PAYING YOU? I'LL HALF IT, BUT I'LL THROW IN A DINOSAUR!

I DOUBT BISHOP WILL ADMIT THAT THESE MONSTROSITIES AREN'T OF THE MUTANT KIND.

IT'S SIMPLY THE ALL TOO COMMON EVIL OF HUMANITY.

NOW.

CLICK

DEET

DEET

...NO.

OH, YEAH.

NOW, WHAT WAS YOU SAYING ABOUT CHUMPS? *SNAAARRRLLF!*

FIRE!

BUOOK BUOOK BUOOK BUOOK

WHA?

WHY YOU LITTLE—GET DOWN HERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!

BUOOK BUOOK BUOOK BUOOK

HOW THE HELL, DINOSAUR?!

YOU'RE KIDDING! THAT ANIMAL—IT'S EXHIBITING—BUT HOW?

chk

Pik

chk

LOOK OUT!

SHOOP

DINOSAUR! NOOOO!

BOOM!

BOOM

THAT'S GONNA COST YA.

WHICH OF YOUSE DID THAT?

Tay

WE HAVE TO ACTIVATE THE WEAPONS!

BUT THEY HAVEN'T BEEN REPROGRAMMED. THEY'LL HAVE TO RUN THROUGH THE INTRA-SPECIES RECOGNITION AND SOCIALIZATION PROTOCOL BEFORE SUPPRESS AND CAPTURE!

NOT IF THE WEAPONS ARE UNDER PHYSICAL ATTACK!

HEY, LADY! LADYYYY! LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL NEED MORE GUYS! **HAHA!**

HAHA, YEAH, WE WAS JUST GETTING WARM—

WAIT, WHO IS THIS NOW?

WHAT THE HECK! ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!

UH. HEY, YOUSE GUYS.

YEAH. HEY. SAY, YOU REALLY SHOWED THOSE CREEPS, *HUH*?

UH... YEAH. YEAH!

WHOA WHOA WHOA, HOLD ON! WHO ARE YOU GUYS AND WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE US, *HUH*? BUT ROBOTS?!

EXCUSE US.

WE'RE THE SAME AS YOU. YOU'RE A BAD-ASS MUTANT WARTHOG. AND SO AM I. YOU CAN TRUST US.

ALSO, I REALLY DIG THE NEW DO, MAN.

ROCKSTEADY, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MAN?

I DON'T KNOW, BOP, I REALLY WANNA TRUST THESE GUYS.

YEAH, I KNOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THEM. THEY JUST SEEM LIKE REALLY GOOD DUDES. PLUS—

YEAH, THEY'RE ROBOTS. THAT'S REALLY COOL. I SAY WE SEE WHAT THEY WANT.

WE HEAR THEM OUT. NO HARM IN THAT.

SO... LET'S JUST SAY... YOU KNOW, WE TRUST YOU. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU'LL COME WITH US. WE'RE YOUR NEW BUDS. WE GOT SNACKS. LOTS OF SNACKS. SAY, HAS YOUR HORN GOTTEN BIGGER?

AND WHAT IF, YOU KNOW, WE SAY NO? WE JUST WANNA GET HOME.

WE'LL HAVE TO SWITCH TO COMBAT MODE AND SHOW YOUSE WHO'S BOSS.

HAHA! IS THAT SO? WELL—

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?!

MADE YOU LOOK!

WHANG

OH, A WISE GUY, *HUH?*

INITIATING COMBAT MODE. INITIATING COMBAT MODE.

IT'S WORKING, BUT CAN ROBOTIC ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP ACTUALLY WIN?

THEY CAN DO MORE THAN THAT. I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE *REAL* BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY.

NOW, ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP, YOUSE ARE GONNA GET IT.

YEAH. NO MORE MR. NICE ROBOTIC GUY.

TURNS OUT THESE TIN-BUTTS WANNA RUMBLE AFTER ALL, BEE.

I AIN'T BACKED DOWN FROM A FIGHT YET.

SO COME ON, LET'S TRASH THESE TURKEYS!

PUNKH

WHAM

TAPTAPTA

KA BOOM

I GOTTA ADMIT, TRASHING TURKEYS IS TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT IT'D BE.

WE GOT 'EM ON THE ROPES MAN! DON'T STOP! IT'S SLOBBERIN' TIME!

KA BOOM

PUNKH

WHAM

TAPTAPTATAPTATAPTATAPTA

=HUFFHUFF= *HEHEH.* MAYBE THAT GUY'S GOT METAL SKIN, BUT ONLY THE ***REAL*** BEBOP DESERVES TO WEAR THESE!

=PUFF= I THINK... =PUFF= THEY'RE GETTING TIRED. THEY'RE PROBABLY OUT ON THEIR FEET. JUST ONE MORE—***HEY!*** THAT ME'S HORN IS FLYING!

DAMN! THEY AREN'T BUILT FOR WATER!

YOU SEE THAT? THEY SANK STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM.

AND MR. SCATTERGOOD CALLED *US* DENSE.

HA. SO, THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, BISHOP?

FEAR MONGERING WITH MUTANT RUTHLESSNESS AND DESTRUCTION DISPLAYED FOR THE WORLD TO SEE?

UH— WHO'S SHE TALKING TO?

I DON'T KNOW. ALL I KNOW IS WE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THIS LADY.

...

HE ALREADY LEFT.

PERHAPS YOU THINK THEY'LL GET RID OF ME. I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE THAT... BUT WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADY ARE JUST MEN, AS MUCH MUTANTS AS I.

THE DIFFERENCE IS—THEY'RE PATHETIC LOWLIFES.

HOW DARE YOU BAD MOUTH US TO YOUR IMAGINARY FRIEND!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER, GOD. WE'RE GONNA TEACH HER!

OKAY, ROCKSTEADY AND BEBOP, YOU GOT ANY FIGHT LEFT FOR ME?

MORE THAN MORE THAN ENOUGH!

FOR ALL YOUR CRIMES, I WON'T LET YOU ESCAPE ME.

YOU— YOU'RE A MUTANT?

YOU'RE CATCHING ON. LIKE YOU, I HAVE BEEN AUGMENTED BY MUTATION. *I AM THE OLYMPIAN!*

GAAH!!

WHY YOU!

WOW! THIS *HURTS!* WHAT DID SHE DO TO ME?

YEAH, I GOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM! ROCK, GET BACK HERE.

WATCH OUT FOR HER NAILS, SHE'S A SCRATCHER.

OOOOH, I HATE SCRATCHERS!

NOOO!

I DIDN'T WANT IT TO GO THIS FAR, BUT I SUPPOSE NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU—

—WHAT I CAN REALLY DO!

AAAAHH!

THE EXPERIMENT THAT CREATED ME WAS A FAILURE.

IT TORE ME APART AND IT TURNED ME INTO THIS, AN INHUMAN ABERRATION.

OH MAN! WHAT A FRE—
OW!
GAINING MASTERY OF THIS NEW FORM AND PULLING MYSELF BACK TOGETHER WASN'T EASY.
IT TOOK YEARS OF TRAINING MY MIND AND BODY.
DOOK ONLY... SECONDS FOR BE...
BLAAH!
WHAT'S WRONG, ROCKSTEADY? IS MY VENOM GETTING TO YOU? HOW ABOUT SOME MORE?
BOISON US DILL YOU?
DIS IS BHAT YOU GET, YOU... UGLY GROSS-O!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
YOU ARE THE UGLY ONES! YOU ARE KILLERS! YOU ARE MONSTERS!
ALL I'VE EVER WANTED WAS TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR EVERYONE. BUT THAT CAN'T BE, NOT WHILE PEOPLE LIKE YOU EXIST.

GRRUUHH...

NO. NO!

YOU'RE EVIL!

I AM THE HERO!

SPLUCH!

SOMEDIMES... DA BAD GUYS...

...WIN.

SQUICH SQUICH

YOU—YOU MONSTERS!

?
THEY'RE DYING...
Splnlch
Sohh

HEH... HEH HEH.

HEY. HEY!

WHA? WHA FUNNY?

LOO, BUDDY... LOO WHERE WE AD.

WE MADE ID!

WE MADE ID?

YEAH! WE DID ID!

DEY BEAD YOU WID FIS, WID A BA, WID A KNIFE. SO DONE DRY TO SDOP DEM. JUS RUN FOR YOUR LIFE...

GET SET AND GET READY FOR BEBOP AND ROCKSTEADYYY! HAHAHA!

AND THEY SAY, IF YOU CAN MAKE IT HERE YOU CAN MAKE IT ANYWHERE, AND WE DID! WE MADE IT HERE!

FROM RIO TO NEW YORK, AND ALL ON OUR OWN.

CRAZY HOW THIS DINOSAUR KEEPS FINDING US.

YOU KNOW, ROCK, HE DID SAVE OUR BUTTS A COUPLE TIMES. AND HE'S NOT SO RUNTY ANYMORE. MAYBE WE SHOULD FINALLY GIVE HIM A NAME.

RRRRRAAAAH... I GUESS. MAYBE HE'S EARNED A PLACE IN OUR GANG!

BUT WHAT'S A GOOD MUSIC STYLE TO NAME HIM AFTER? THE BEST TWO ARE TAKEN.

HAHA! I GOT IT! **N'SHO-V!**

HAHAHA! WILD MAN! *WIIILLLD!*

YOU KNOW THAT LADY?

YES, I DO.

SHE WAS RIGHT. WE'RE UGLY, LIKE ON THE INSIDE. AND WE'RE MONSTERS.

ALWAYS HAVE BEEN! ALWAYS WILL BE!

FIRE ALL CANNONS!

SMASH

HAHAHAHA

CRASH

THE END...?

EPILOGUE.

A RUNDOWN BUILDING TUCKED AWAY IN A DARK ALLEY IN MANHATTAN.

HOME SWEET HOME...

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEEL GOOD ABOUT LIFE.

WE'VE ALWAYS LIVED IN DUMPS, AND WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN KICKED OUT OF GANGS, BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT'S EXACTLY HOW I WANT IT.

YEAH, THERE'S— WHO'S THAT?

CONGRATULATIONS, BEBOP. ROCKSTEADY.

FRAB

SHOVE

MOVE AND YOU'RE *DEAD*.

KARAI!

I SAW WHAT YOU DID BACK THERE ON THE BRIDGE. VERY IMPRESSIVE.

I'M BACK TO TAKE OVER THIS CITY. YOU IN?

THE END.

art by BEN BATES

art by DAVID PETERSEN

MACRO-SERIES:
LEONARDO

I'M NOT FEELING ANYTHING...

JUST FOCUS. SHH.

I *AM* FOCUSING.

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FOCUSING *ON*.

YOU'RE NOT *FOCUSING* IF YOU'RE *TALKING* SO MUCH.

YOU GUYS, COME ON. REMEMBER, WE NEED TO ANCHOR OURSELVES.

YEAH...

I MISS THE KIDS. WE SHOULD GO BACK TONIGHT.

I THOUGHT WE ALL WANTED A LITTLE BREAK FROM THE FOOT STUFF. AND FROM FATHER.

I DON'T WANT A *BREAK* FROM *HIM*, I JUST...

...OH. PEPPERONI'S HERE.

I'M DONE FOR TODAY. I FEEL LIKE I'M BEATING MY HEAD AGAINST A WALL WITH THIS, LEO, AND WE'RE JUST NOT AS ADVANCED AS YOU ARE WITH ASTRAL MEDITATION. YOU'RE RUSHING US.

ALL RIGHT. FINE.

YOU WANNA WATCH A MOVIE OR SOMETHIN'?

NO...

I'M GOING FOR A WALK.

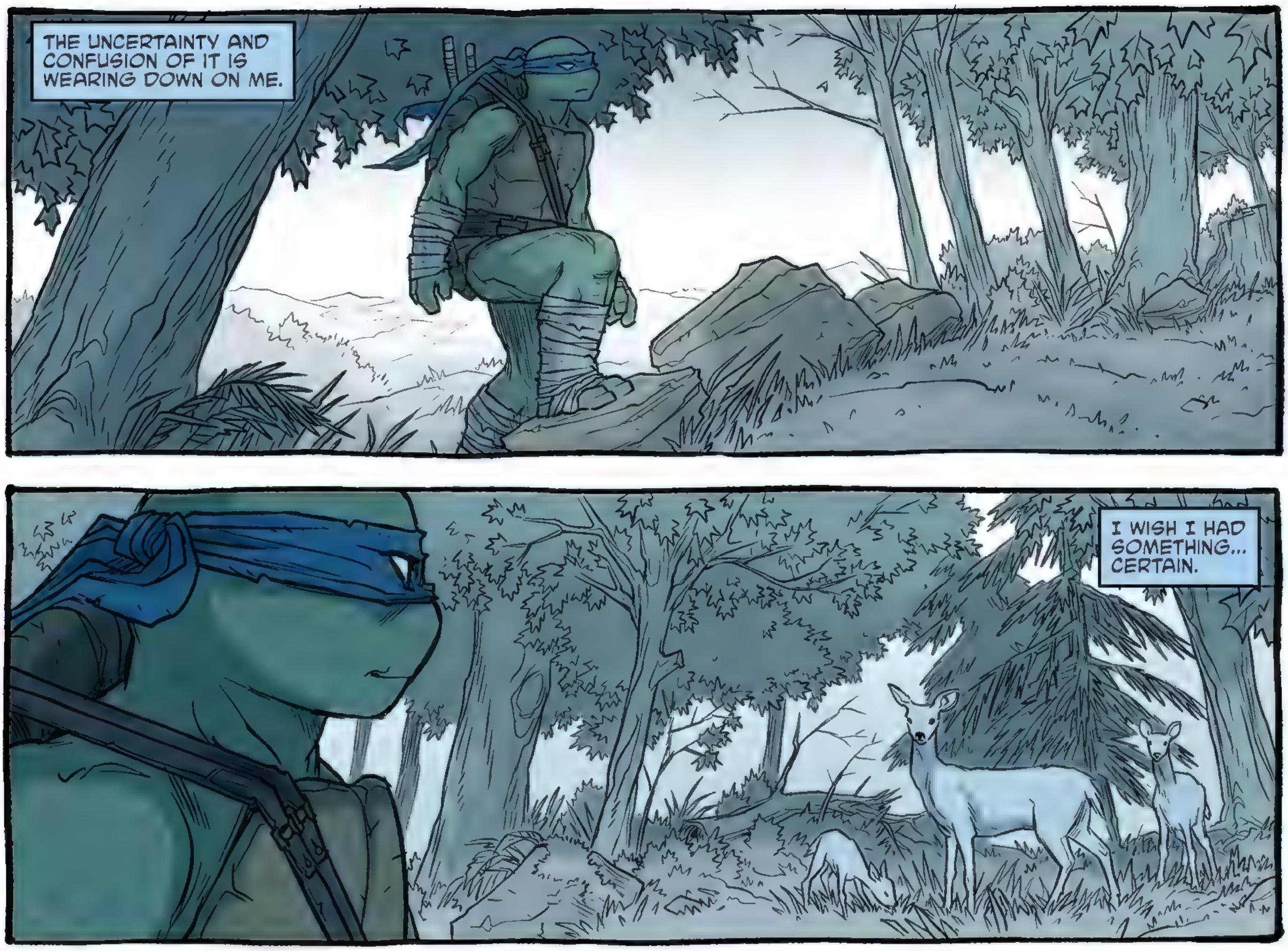
I NEED A BREAK.

THINGS ARE OKAY WITH OUR DAD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WHAT FEELS LIKE FOREVER, BUT...

...THINGS ARE NOT HOW I WANT, AND I KNOW THEY'RE NOT HOW MY BROTHERS WANTED THEM TO BE, EITHER.

SOMETIMES I WISH FATHER WAS SUDDENLY AN EVIL FOOT NINJA WARLORD, AND I WASN'T ABLE TO STILL SEE THE MAN I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS.

IT WOULD BE SIMPLER AND EASIER IF HE WAS JUST *BAD*. MAYBE THEN I WOULDN'T WANT HIM BACK SO MUCH.


THE UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION OF IT IS WEARING DOWN ON ME.
I WISH I HAD SOMETHING... CERTAIN.
I WISH I KNEW WHERE I WAS HEADING.
I WISH THINGS WERE LIKE THEY USED TO BE.

I WISH WE HAD SOME PEACE.

SKREE

KOYA!

I'M HERE TO TEAR YOUR HEART FROM YOUR CHEST AND SATE MYSELF ON THE HOPELESSNESS OF YOUR DYING BREATH.

YOU CAN TRY.

ATTACK

SKIDAH

I CAN'T GET AWAY. I CAN'T EVER GET AWAY.

SWIP

SSHIHA

KRAK

SNAP

KRAK

SUSH

WHOMP

SWIP

I THINK I UNDERSTAND KOYA NOW.

SHE'S STRUGGLING... TO FIND *SOMETHING* TO MAKE THINGS SEEM COMPLETE AND WORTHWHILE.

SHE'S REMADE HERSELF INTO WHAT SHE WANTS TO BE.

I ENVY THAT.

HOW DO I DO THE SAME?

I DIDN'T THINK VENGEANCE WOULD BE THIS FAST.

I'M GOING TO CHANGE YOU THE WAY YOU CHANGED ME.

YOU TOOK A PIECE OF ME, SO I WILL TAKE MANY MORE PIECES OF YOU.

YOU PROBABLY FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME.

SNAP

YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS MAIM US AND THEN GO ON WITH YOUR LIVES!

...BLUDGEON AND I DID NOT GO ON WITH OURS.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M *SORRY*.

WHAT'LL YOU DO AFTER YOU KILL ME, THOUGH?

WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN AFTER YOUR REVENGE IS OVER?

YOUR ANGER IS POWERING YOUR... AMULET-THING.

I CAN SEE IT ALL AROUND YOU, ANCHORING YOU... WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ALL THAT AFTER SUCH AN EASY WIN?

SHUT UP!

YOU WON BECAUSE I WAS DISTRACTED.

I DIDN'T GIVE THIS FIGHT MY ALL.

ALL RIGHT.

I RESPECT YOU, KOYA.

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE CONSTANTLY DWELLING ON ONE THING.

OR ONE PERSON. IT'S EXHAUSTING. IT WEARS YOU DOWN.

I CAME HERE TO NORTHAMPTON TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THAT, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK.

I'M GUESSING IF YOU'RE HERE, THEN KARAI MUST BE BACK, TOO.

YES.

SHE CAME BACK BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO TAKE WHAT SHE WANTS. THE FOOT.

I CAME BACK TO DO THE SAME THING. TO TAKE WHAT I WANTED.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR NEXT ENCOUNTER.

YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE FOR FORCING ME TO COME ALL THE WAY OUT *HERE*.

LEONARDO. I APOLOGIZE, KOYA WAS ACTING ON HER OWN AGAINST MY ORDERS.

YOU *REALLY* WANT A FIGHT?

I SAID I *DIDN'T* SEND KOYA AFTER YOU.

I'M NOT SURE I BELIEVE YOU.

TNK

WHY WOULD I SEND *HER* TO KILL YOU IF THAT'S WHAT I WANTED?

I'D DO IT MYSELF. EASILY.

HA. FAIR POINT.

THAT'S QUITE A NEW SWORD YOU GOT.

YES. I LIKE IT.

SSHHHNK

SEEMS LIKE YOU WERE PRETTY BUSY IN JAPAN.

IT WAS TIME WELL SPENT.

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE BACK.

YOU WANT TO LEAD THE CLAN.

YES. I'M READY.

I KNOW, AS *CHUNIN*, YOU WON'T GO ALONG WITH THAT, BUT I'M PREPARED TO HONORABLY FIGHT—

NO, IT'S FINE. TAKE THE CLAN.

WHAT?

I'M NOT *CHUNIN*. I'M NOT PART OF THE FOOT ANYMORE. I'M MASTER OF THE *HAMATO CLAN* NOW.

AS MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO WASH MY HANDS OF THE FOOT... I CAN'T.

YOUR FATHER.

YEAH.

I WANT HIM BACK. I WANT THINGS TO BE LIKE WHEN WE WERE ALL TOGETHER AND SPLINTER WAS JUST MY *DAD*, NOT LEADING A NINJA CLAN WHILE MAKING MORALLY QUESTIONABLE DECISIONS AND TREATING HIS OWN SONS LIKE SUBORDINATES.

I WANT MY BROTHERS TO HAVE THEIR FATHER BACK.

I FEEL LIKE THE FOOT IS JUST... EATING AWAY AT US, LITTLE BY LITTLE. WHICH I KNOW SOUNDS DRAMATIC, BUT...

SO, YES. I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE CLAN.

BUT... WE'RE GOING TO SIT DOWN AND DISCUSS IT HONORABLY.

A PEACEFUL TRANSITION OF POWER. NO CLAN WAR, NO BATTLE OVER RESOURCES OR TERRITORY, NO LOSS OF LIFE. I'M TIRED OF IT.

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK YOUR FATHER WILL AGREE TO *THAT*.

I THINK I CAN CONVINCE HIM. I HAVE TO TRY, AT LEAST.

HE'S STILL MY DAD, AND I KNOW HE STILL LOVES ME. I'VE SEEN HIM STILL ACT THE WAY HE USED TO. I THINK I CAN REACH THAT SIDE OF HIM.

IF I HELP YOU, YOU ALSO HAVE TO AGREE TO JUST... LET US EXIT PEACEFULLY.

LEAVE MY FAMILY ALONE.

...OKAY. AGREED.

OH, AND KEEP YOUR GOONS ON A TIGHTER LEASH.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

I HOPE THE NEXT TIME WE MEET, WE CAN CONTINUE THIS SORT OF RELATIONSHIP.

NOT ENEMIES, YOU MEAN?

YES.

I'D LIKE THAT, TOO.

LEO!

KARAI?!

SSFT

THIP

STOP. WE'RE NOT FIGHTING, NOT TODAY.

WE HAVE A TRUCE, THEN.

FOR NOW, AND I HOPE FOR A WHILE.

MAYBE YOU GUYS COULD COME BACK TO THE HOUSE FOR SOME LUNCH?

THANK YOU, BUT NO.

I WOULDN'T SAY WE HAVE *THAT* MUCH OF A TRUCE.

WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER SOON, CLAN HAMATO.

HOW DID YOU GUYS KNOW I WAS IN TROUBLE, ANYWAY? HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?

I FELT IT. I KNEW SOMETHIN' WAS UP.

YEAH, I DUNNO, I JUST *KNEW*...

I FELT YOUR... EMOTIONS. I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE I'M BETTER AT THIS ASTRAL CONNECTION BUSINESS THAN I THOUGHT.

I FOCUSED ON *YOU* AND I KNEW WHERE TO GO.

YEAH, IT'S LIKE *YOU'RE OUR ANCHOR*, OR WHATEVER IT IS.

AW, THAT'S GREAT.

I'M SORRY I'VE BEEN KIND OF A JERK ABOUT IT... I SHOULDN'T HAVE JUST STORMED OFF LIKE A LITTLE KID.

NO WORRIES. WE'VE ALL BEEN KINDA DOWN LATELY.

LEO, DO YOU THINK IT'S RIGHT TO TRUST KARAI?

DO YOU THINK A TRUCE WILL REALLY HOLD?

I'M SKEPTICAL.

I DON'T KNOW WHY. MAYBE IT'S STUPID OF ME, BUT I FIND MYSELF TRUSTING HER.

HM. SHE'S BACK TO TAKE THE FOOT, RIGHT? TAKE IT AWAY FROM OUR DAD.

I DON'T THINK A TRUCE WILL HOLD UP THROUGH THAT.

SHE'S BACK FOR THE CLAN, YEAH. BUT I THINK I CAN GET FATHER TO STEP DOWN.

I'M GONNA FACILITATE A NEGOTIATION BETWEEN HIM AND KARAI AND KEEP IT ALL CIVIL.

I THINK I CAN GET THROUGH TO OUR FATHER, AND THEN...

...WE'LL HAVE OUR DAD BACK.

YEAH. EXACTLY.

...

HEY. COME ON, LET'S HANG OUT.

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

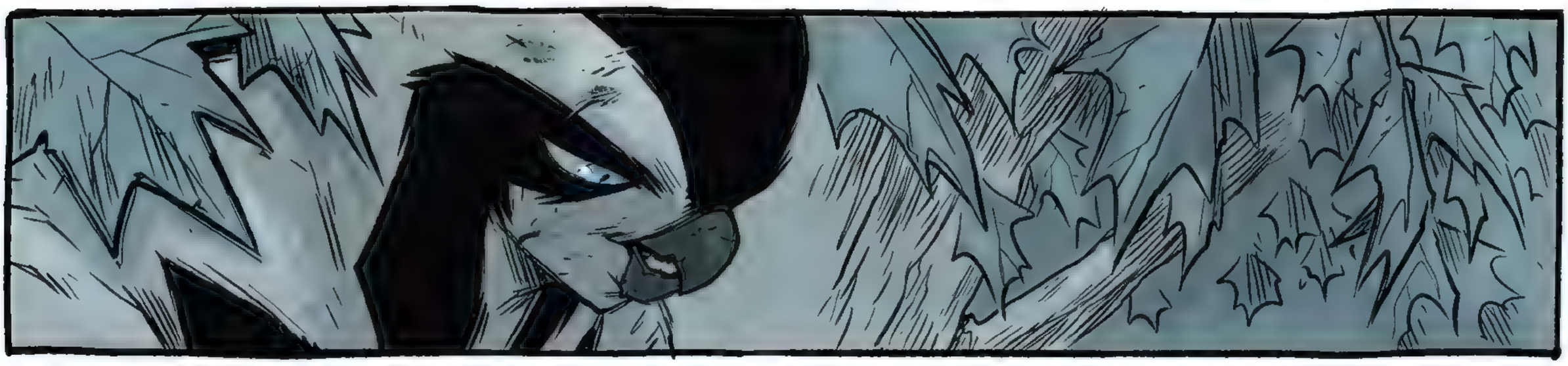
LIKE, JUST TAKE IT EASY. HANG OUT HERE UNTIL TONIGHT.

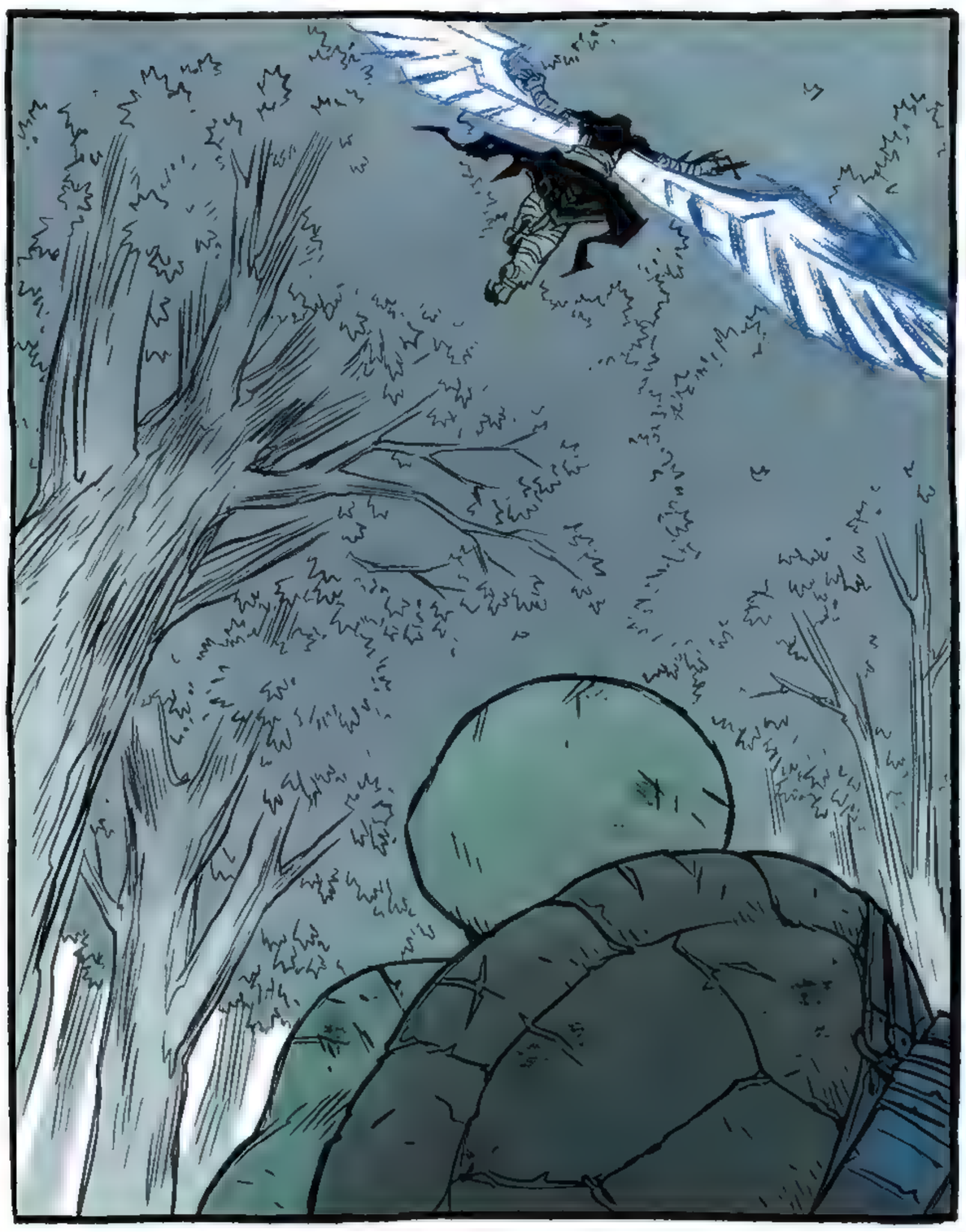
NO TRAINING, NO MEDITATION PRACTICE, NO ANY OF THAT STUFF.

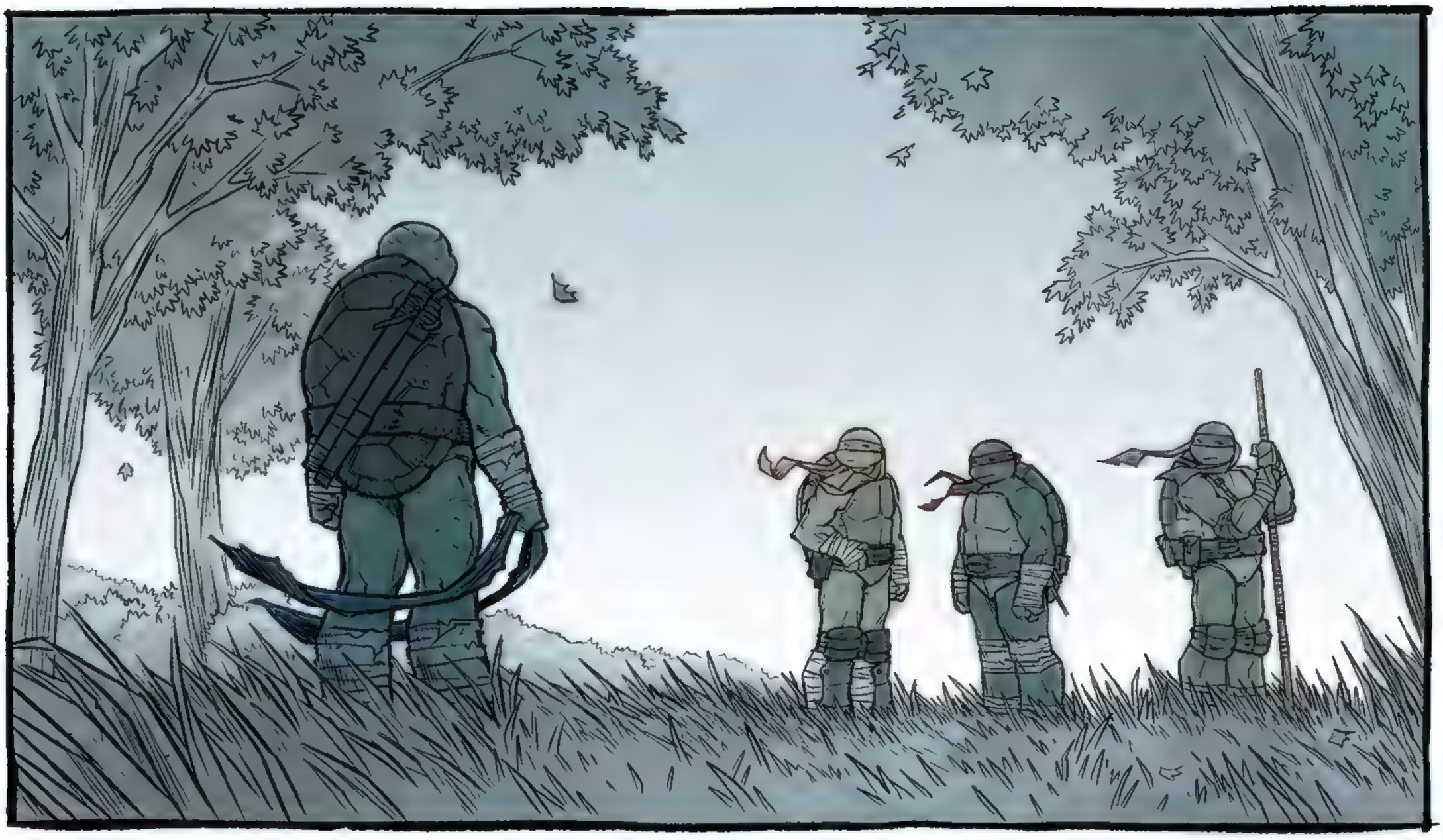
JUST DOING REGULAR STUFF. MAYBE FIX THE BARN.

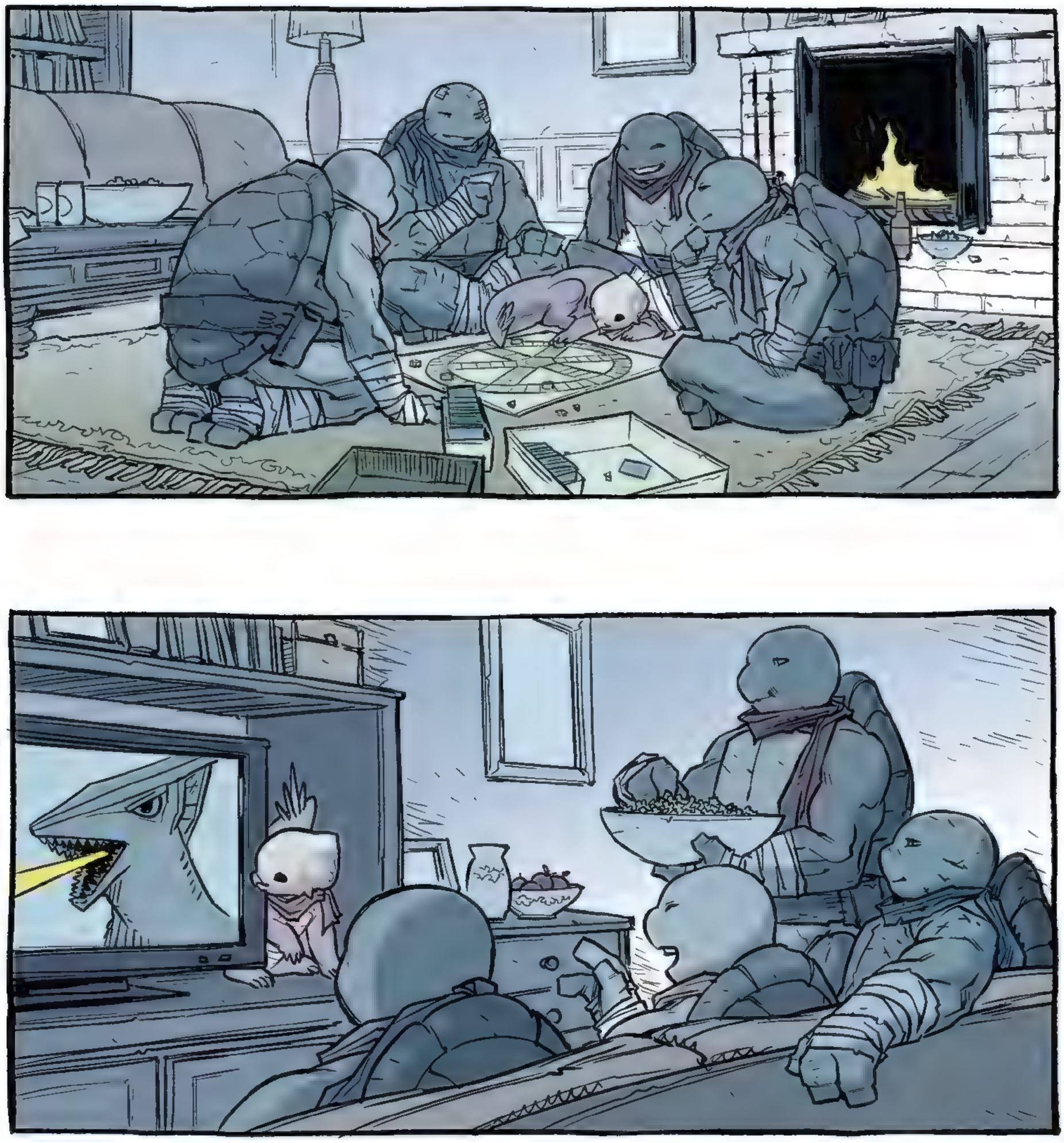
BUT FIRST, HOW 'BOUT THAT *LUNCH?*

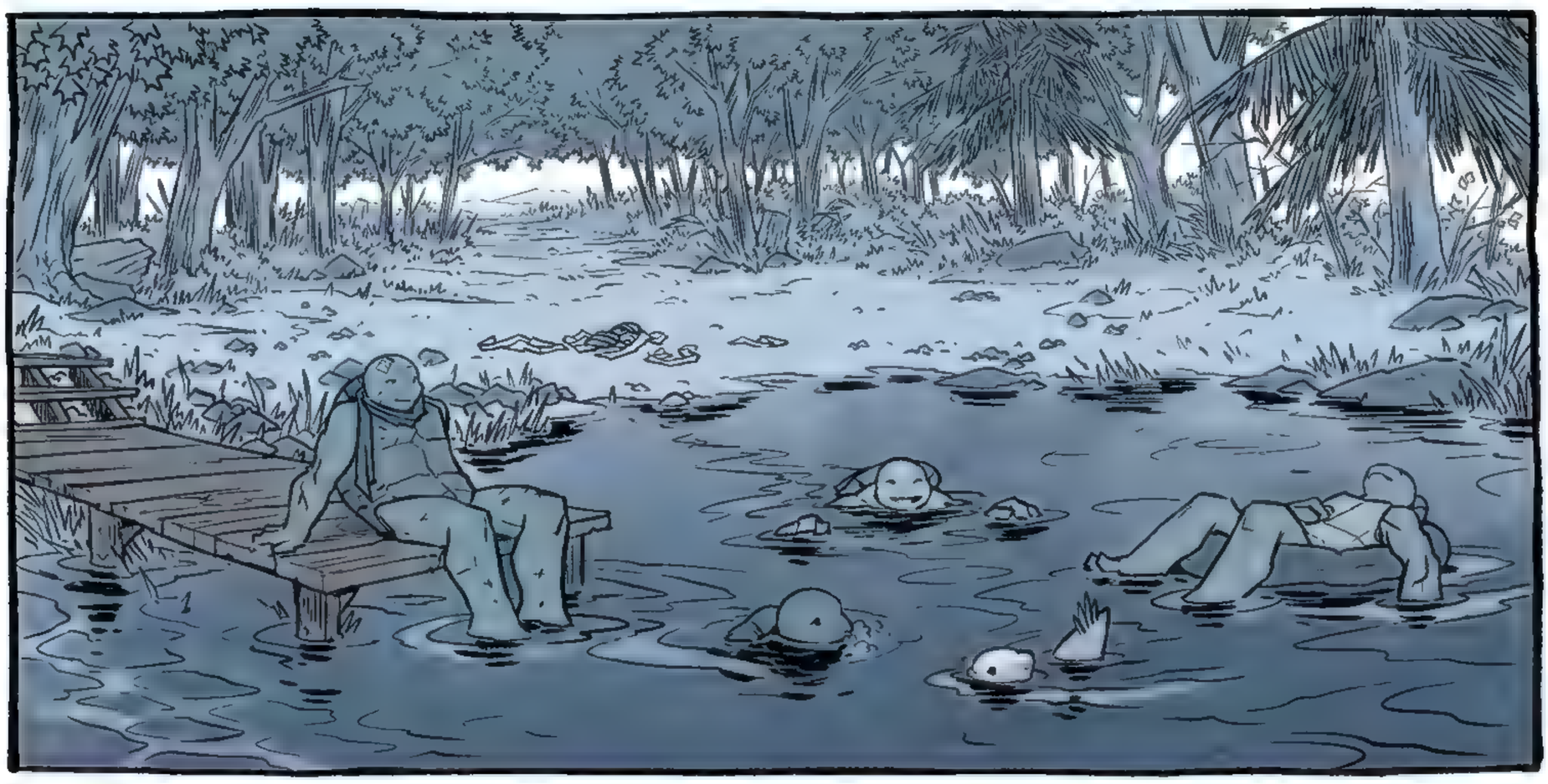
YEAH, I'M STARVIN'. I BET PEPPERONI IS, TOO.





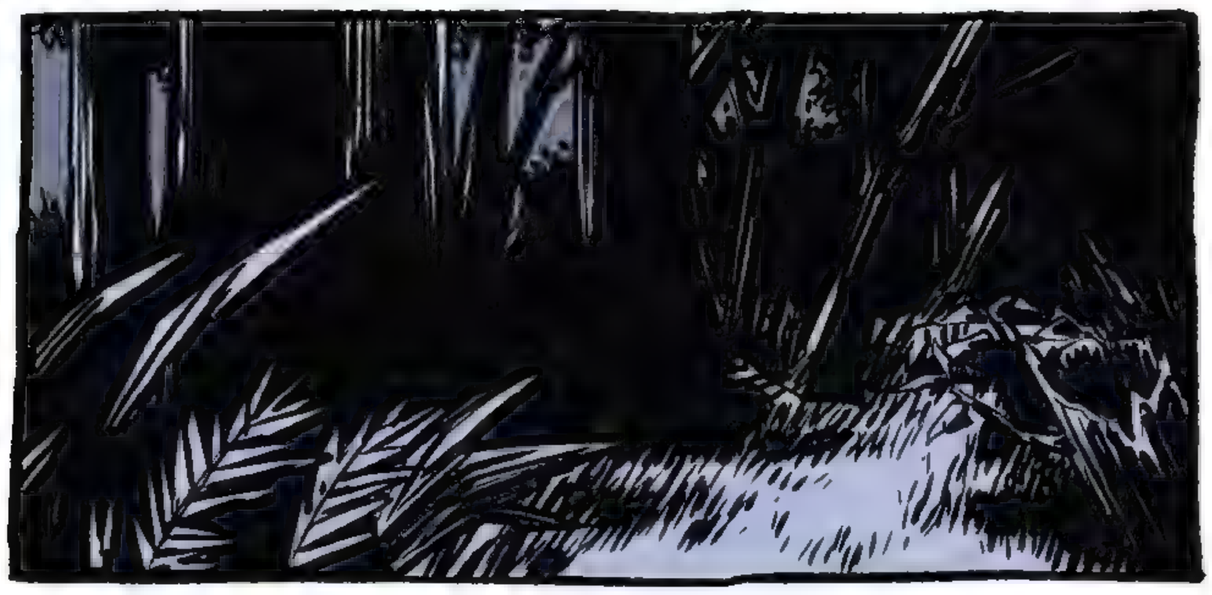


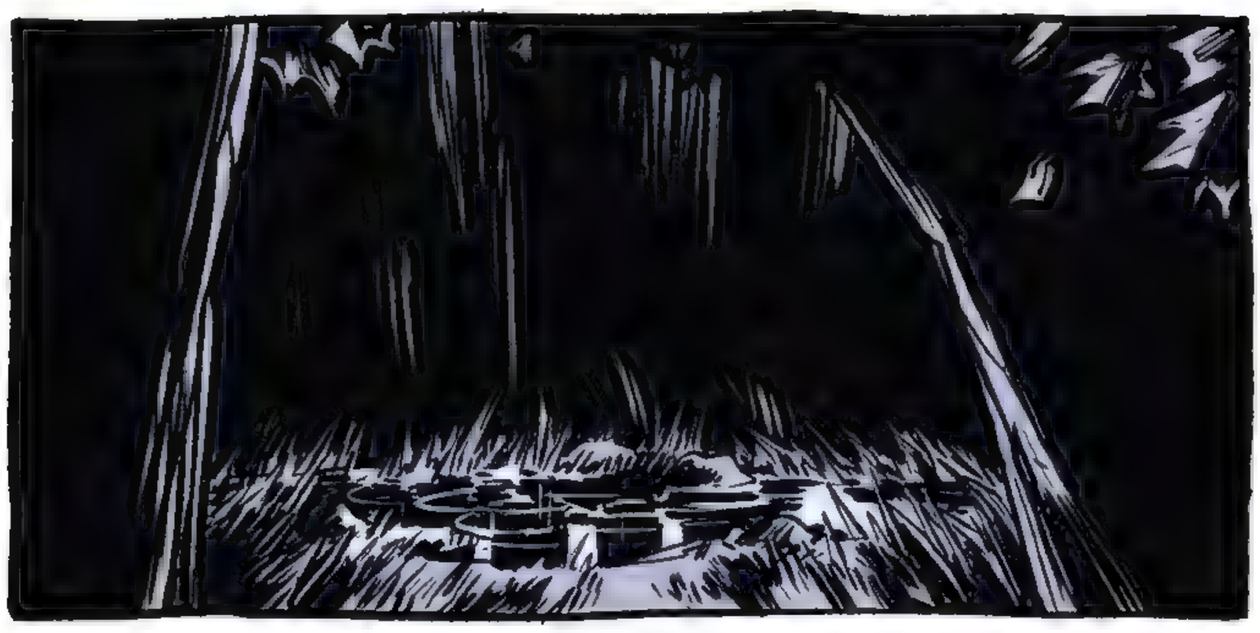


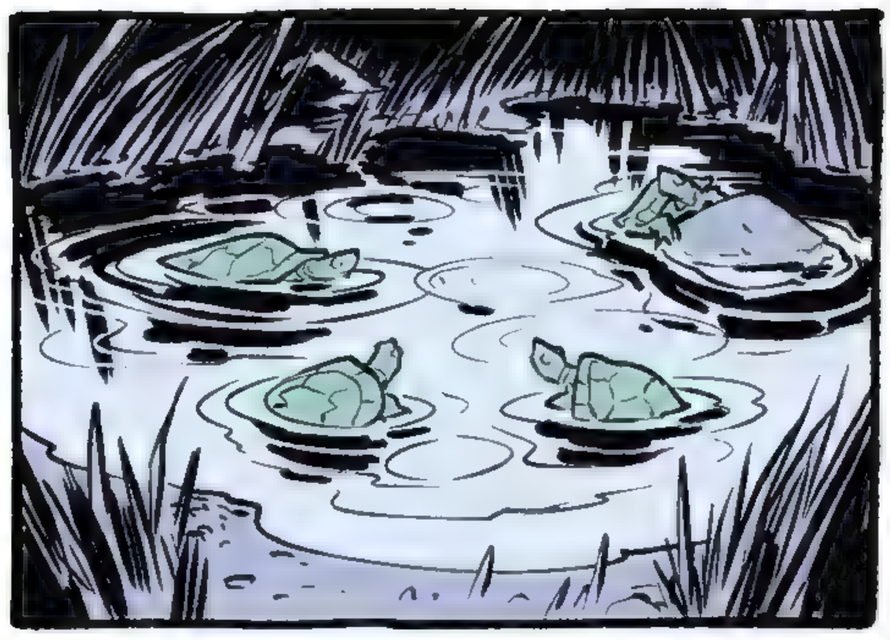


THIS IS WHAT I WANT.

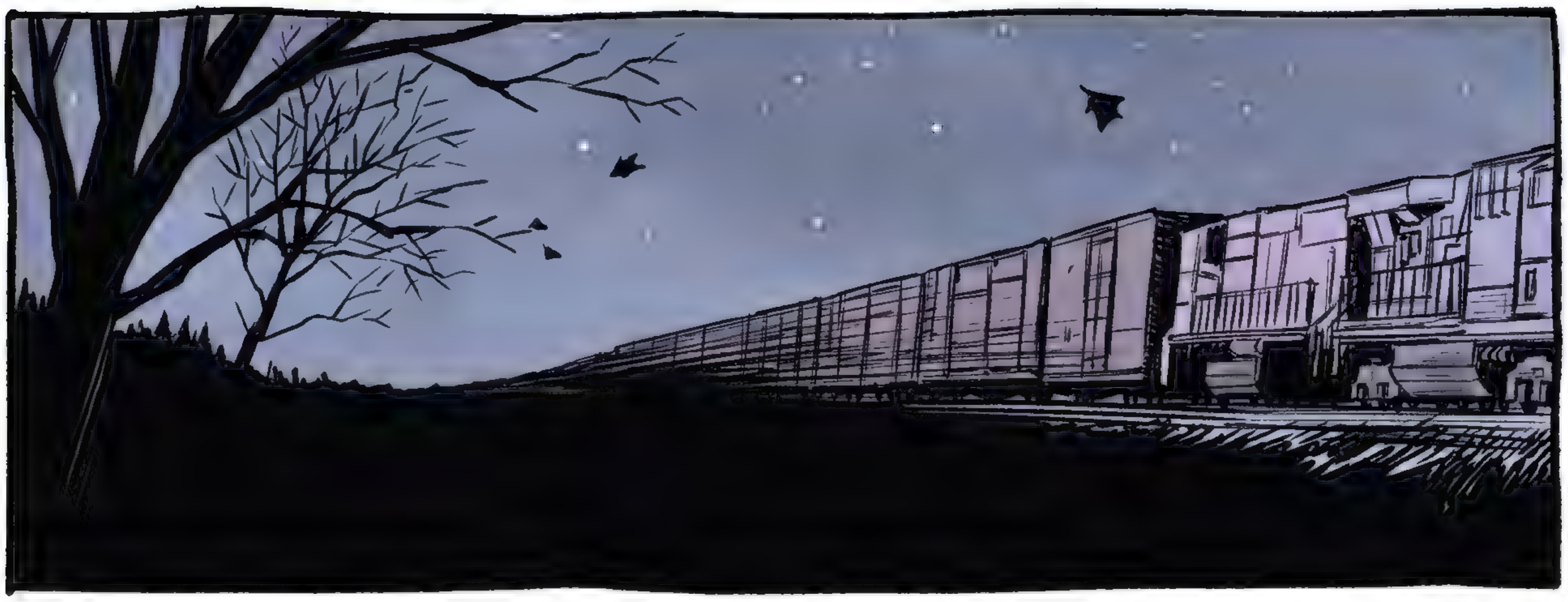
AND I WANT TO *FIGHT* FOR IT.

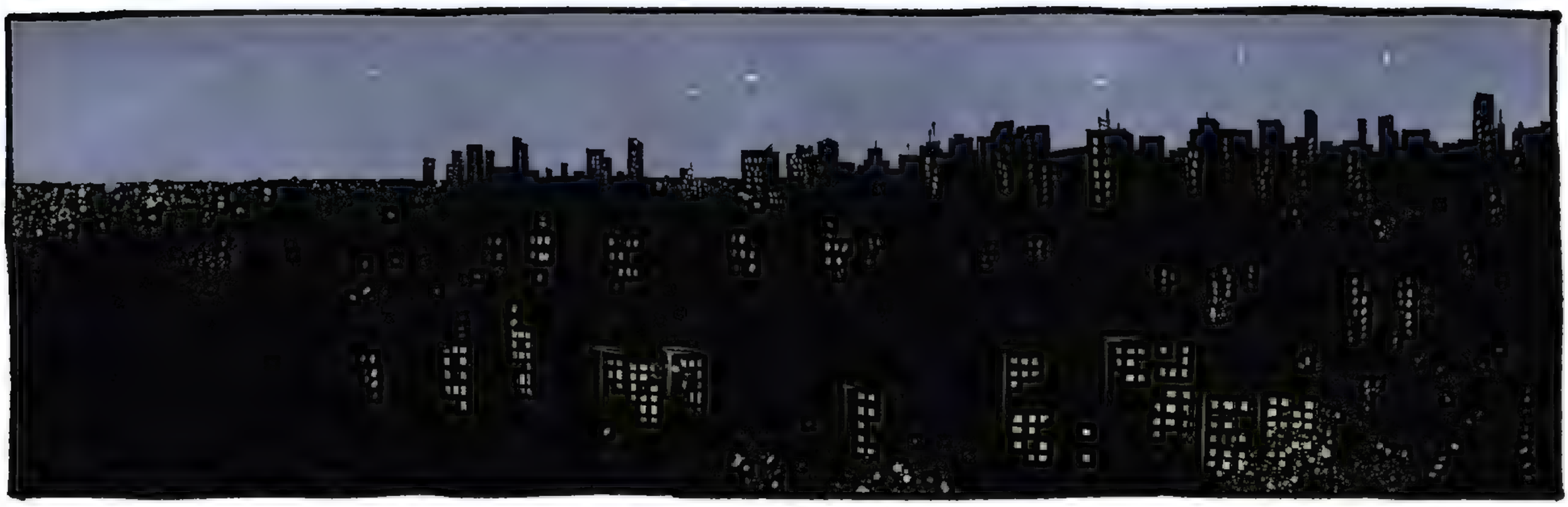


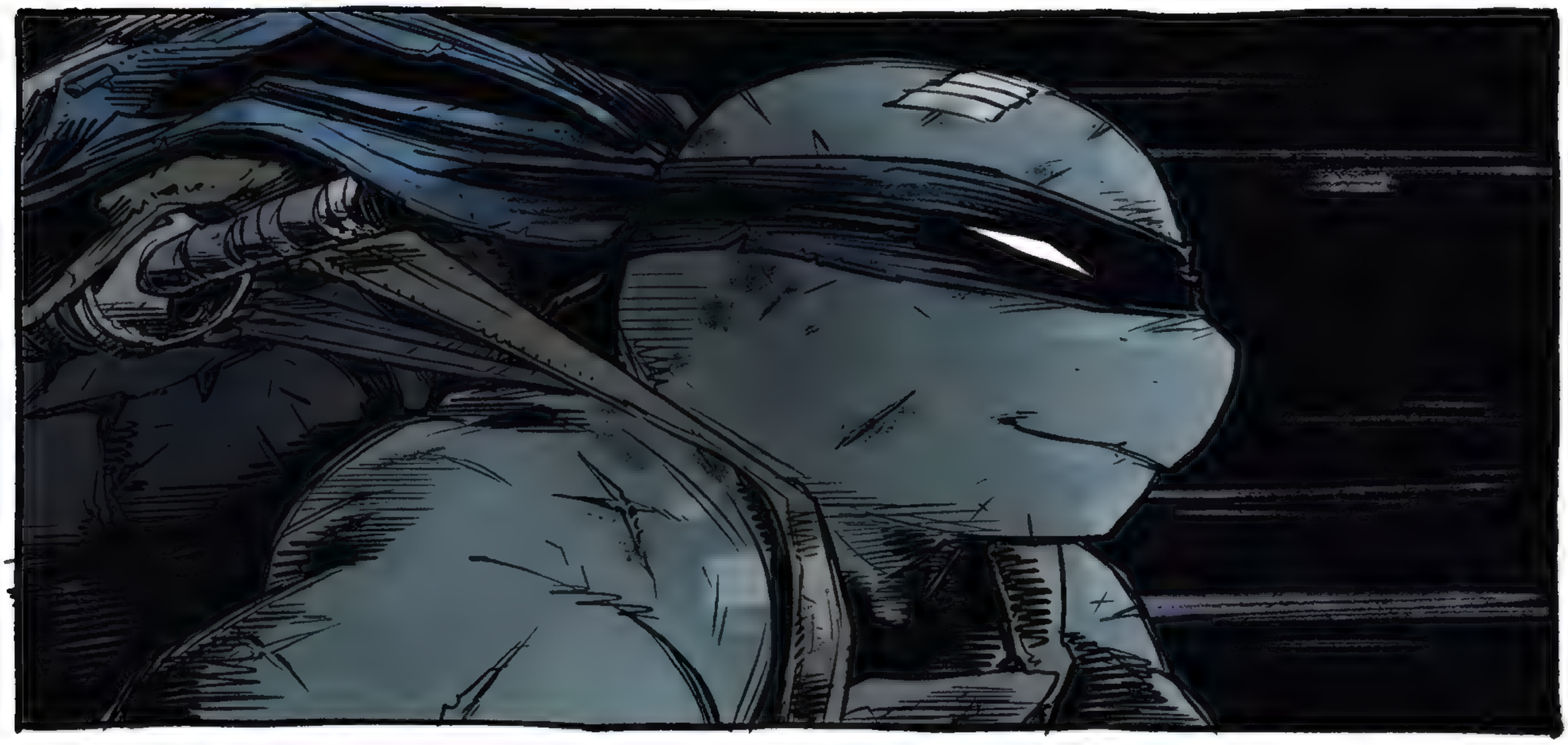




I WANT TO PUT EVERYTHING BACK TOGETHER.







END.

art by SOPHIE CAMPBELL

art by DAVE WACHTER

ISSUE #88

BURNOW ISLAND.

BROOM

BROOM

RUN AND GUN! RUN AND GUN!

CHKOW

LOOK AT THEM *SCATTER.*

CHKOW

BA DOOM

BA DOOM

"AS IF *ESCAPE* WERE AN OPTION."

WHO—?

BA DOOM

IT'S *CH'RELL.*

KRANG PART TWO. AND HE'S GOT *TRAGG* AND *GRANITOR* WITH HIM.

AT LEAST HE'S SHOOTING AT THE *E.P.F. DUDES.*

WHO'S CH'RELL?

YEAH. TIME TO QUIT LOOKIN' A GIFT UTROM IN THE MOUTH...

...AND GET BUSY *KICKIN' BUTT!*

NO.

KRAK

BISHOP

IT'S TIME TO *END* THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

ALL E.P.F. FORCES— CONTINGENCY PLAN ALPHA JULIET BRAVO IS IN EFFECT.

GROUND UNITS, RETURN TO SHORE IMMEDIATELY— LEAVE *ALL* WOUNDED AND K.I.A. BEHIND.

AIR ELEMENTS WILL PROVIDE COVER.

WOOSH

WOOSH

KBOOM

KBOOM

THAT'S RIGHT— *FLEE*, YOU COWARDS!

RUN AWAY FROM THE *MIGHT* OF CH'RELL!

OH, HOW I'VE *MISSED* THIS!

GAHH! BISHOP'S GONNA KILL US *ALL!*

PRETTY SURE THAT'S THE *POINT*, MIKE!

WE NEED TO GET TO *COVER!* NO WAY WE SURVIVE *THIS* KIND OF AIRPOWER!

WRONG.

SALLY...

...*NOW.*

KA-BOOM!

KA-BOOM!

YAH-HOOO!

EAT YOUR *HEART* OUT, HAN SOLO!

HI! I'M *CHEWIE PETE!*

WE'VE GOT THINGS HANDLED *UP HERE*, HOB. YOU DO YOU.

ROGER THAT, SALLY.

HOW THE...?

WHAT? DID YOU THINK WE ONLY SCROUNGED UP *THESE* BAD BOYS AFTER YOUR LITTLE WAR IN NEW YORK?* *NAH*—WE GOT *ALL KINDS* OF FUN STUFF.

NOW, COME ON. WE'RE *WASTIN'* TIME.

*See **TMNT: Invasion of the Triceratons** – B.C.

YES. WE ARE.

INITIATE *OVERRIDE* CODE DELTA TANGO ALPHA.

ENGAGE *AUTOPILOT.*

"THE SLASH WEAPON WILL *COMPLETE* ITS MISSION."

BUT NOT BEFORE I FINISH *YOU.*

IT APPEARS WE'VE BEEN JOINED BY *UNEXPECTED* ALLIES. ON THE *LAND* AND IN THE *AIR*, NO LESS.

COMMANDER ZOM, THIS IS CORPORAL SHERP...

...WE'VE GOT A *NEW THREAT* INBOUND! SAY AGAIN, A NEW THRE—

FZUUUSH

DAMN! THIS BATTLE IS *NOT YET* WON.

WHY SO *SULLEN*, COMMANDER?

I, FOR ONE, LOOK FORWARD TO A *REAL CHALLENGE* AT LAST.

DID YOU *REALLY* THINK A HANDFUL OF MEDDLING MUTANTS HAD *ANY* HOPE OF DERAILING THIS MISSION?

THOK

WITH *ONE* SIMPLE AIRSHIP?

WHAT THE—

EPF

WHOOM

AND A FEW *PUNY* GUNS?

WHEN WE CAME HERE PREPARED TO DESTROY AN *ENTIRE ALIEN ARMY?*

OH, *NO* YOU DON'T.

EPF

BISHOP

YES. I *DO.*

BRAK BRAKK BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKK BRAK

CRAP! I'M GETTIN' SICK OF THIS GUY!

YOU AIN'T THE ONLY ONE.

SALLY, IT'S HOB!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON WITH SLASH?

HE'S MOVIN' LIKE SOME KINDA ZOMBIE BULLDOZER TOWARDS THE TECHNODROME...

...BUT HE'S ABOUT TO RUN INTO SOME BIG-TIME PROBLEMS.

DAMN! BISHOP'S STILL CONTROLLIN' SLASH.

IT HAS TO BE THE GOGGLES. IF WE CAN JUST GET THEM AWAY FROM BISHOP, MAYBE—

MAYBE NOTHIN'. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS NUTJOB.

HOB, WAIT.

FORGET IT, TURTLE...

...I'M DONE PLAYIN' BY YOUR RULES!

OFFA... ME...!

ZAP

EPF

BISHOP

HE... *KILLED* HIM.

THUD

YOU ARE IN *MY* TERRITORY, CREATURE.

AND YOU WERE *NOT* INVITED.

WHAT... WHERE...

...WHERE *AM* I?

WHO...?

I THINK I'M GONNA BARF.

HOB! SALLY!

SLASH IS IN *TROUBLE!*

C'MON, MUTANIMALS— LET'S *GET* OUR BOY!

ON YOUR *SIX*, SIR!

MAYBE WE SHOULD *FOLLOW* THEM.

WHY?

'CAUSE SLASH IS *OUR* FRIEND, TOO, DUDE.

WAIT— *LOOK!*

YOUR FRIENDS ARE *DOOMED*, MUTANT.

EPF

BISHOP

SKRIIP

AS IS *EVERYONE* ON THIS CONTAMINATED ISLAND.

HOW IN THE HELL...?

AREA 51. SOUTHERN NEVADA, USA. 1975.

"AND YOU'RE *CERTAIN* HE'S AS BIG AS HE'LL GET?"

NO CHANCE FOR ANY *SUDDEN SPURTS* DOWN THE LINE, DOCTOR YUHASZ?

NO, WE'RE QUITE CERTAIN, AGENT BISHOP. WE'VE RUN A PLETHORA OF TESTS AND THEY'RE *ALL* CONCLUSIVE—

—YOUR SON HAS REACHED HIS *FULL* GROWTH POTENTIAL, *PHYSIOLOGICALLY* SPEAKING. PSYCHOLOGICALLY, HIS MIND AND INTELLECT WILL CONTINUE TO MATURE AT A *NORMAL* HUMAN PACE.

AND ACCORDING TO OUR MOST RECENT DATA, AT AN ADVANCED RATE IN *SOME* CATEGORIES.

YEAH, JOHN'S A *SMART ONE*, ALL RIGHT—

"—HE'S NEARLY *FINISHED* THAT PUZZLE AND HE'S ONLY BEEN AT IT, WHAT? FIFTEEN MINUTES?"

FOURTEEN MINUTES, THIRTY-TWO SECONDS, TO BE EXACT.

AND BARELY *SIX YEARS OLD*. AMAZING.

I *KNEW* IF WE KEPT HIM ALIVE HE'D BE SPECIAL.

AND SPEAKING OF SPECIAL, HOW ARE THINGS COMMENCING WITH THE *OTHER* PROJECT?

EXCELLENTLY, SIR. NOW THAT WE KNOW JOHN HAS REACHED HIS MAXIMUM PHYSICAL STATURE...

"...WE CAN *FINALIZE* THE MODIFICATIONS TO THE CHASSIS."

WE SHOULD HAVE A FULLY FUNCTIONAL—AND COMFORTABLE—COCKPIT WITHIN WEEKS.

AT THIS POINT, IT'S REALLY JUST A MATTER OF A FEW MINOR ENGINEERING CONVERSIONS TO MAKE THE UNIT *100% HUMAN COMPATIBLE.*

BUT NOT VERY *HUMAN-LIKE.*

AS MUCH AS I WANT MY SON TO BENEFIT FROM THESE MECHANICAL ENHANCEMENTS, I DON'T WANT HIM LOOKING LIKE SOME *CRASH TEST MANNEQUIN-ROBOT* WHEN HE OPERATES THE SUIT.

"HIS DEFORMITIES ARE ALREADY *BAD* ENOUGH, AND I WANT HIM TO LOOK AS NORMAL AS POSSIBLE, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES."

ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO *TALK* TO YOU ABOUT THAT.

OUR AESTHETICS TEAM IS STANDING BY TO COMPLETE THE EXTERIOR DESIGN AS WELL, AND THEY WANTED ME TO ASK IF YOU HAD ANYTHING *SPECIFIC* IN MIND, SIR?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I *DO.*

CALL ME OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I'VE *ALWAYS* THOUGHT A SON SHOULD LOOK LIKE HIS FATHER.

GIVE YOUR DESIGN TEAM THIS—

—IT'S THE *ONLY* PHOTO I HAVE.

"TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO MAKE MY BOY A CHIP *OFF* THE OLD BLOCK."

STARE ALL YOU WANT, MUTANTS. MARVEL AT THE *TRUE REALITY* OF WHAT I AM.

IT WILL BE THE *LAST THING* YOU EVER SEE.

BUT IF YOU THINK FOR ONE SECOND THAT YOU SEE A MONSTER, YOU ARE *MISTAKEN*—

—BECAUSE THE MONSTERS ARE *YOU.*

DESPITE MY APPEARANCE, I AM STILL HUMAN. STILL YOUR *BETTER*. SOMETHING MY FATHER UNDERSTOOD FROM THE *VERY FIRST TIME* HE LAID HIS EYES UPON ME.

HE'D SEEN THE REAL MONSTERS AND KNEW MY LIFE—*ALL* HUMAN LIFE—WAS WORTH PRESERVING, IF ONLY TO ENSURE OUR RACE COULD *DEFEND* ITSELF AGAINST THE UNEARTHLY INVADERS.

YOU LOOK AT ME AND SEE *HORROR*. BUT MY FATHER SAW *HOPE*.

HE WAS TRULY A MAN *AHEAD* OF HIS TIME... I AM *LIVING PROOF* OF THAT FACT.

AND YOU...

...YOU ARE *EXPENDABLE*, JUST LIKE *ALL* YOUR PATHETIC ILK.

AND AS FOR THE *SLASH CREATURE*, EVEN NOW, DEEP INSIDE, IT CARRIES MY MOST *LETHAL* WEAPON.

SOMETIMES ALL THAT REMAINS TO ENSURE VICTORY FOR THE RIGHTEOUS...

...IS THE *NUCLEAR OPTION.*

OH, NO.

CRASH!

GRAAH!!

BACK OFF, UGLY!

RAY! HERMAN! *HELP* SALLY!

MONDO, WITH *ME!*

SIR, YES, SIR!

HOB... MONDO... IS IT *REALLY* YOU?

IT'S REALLY *US*, DUDE.

AND WE'RE GETTIN' YOU THE HELL *OUTTA* HERE, PAL.

SALLY, IT'S HOB. QUIT SCREWIN' AROUND AND *LAND* THAT THING. WE'RE GOIN' HOME.

YOU *GOT IT*, CAT MAN!

YAYY! HOME!

MAN RAY! YOU AND HERMAN FALL BACK TO SLASH. OUR *RIDE'S* ON THE WAY!

ROGER THAT, OLD HOB.

THE MUTANTS ARE *SHOOTING* AT US!

WELL, THEN, THAT *SIMPLIFIES* THINGS, LIEUTENANT TRAGG.

DESTROY THEM *ALL*.

WAIT, COLONEL CH'RELL!

THE BIG MUTANT IS *NOT* AN ENEMY.

HE'S OUR *FRIEND*.

YEAH...

"...AND YOU REALLY *DON'T* WANNA BE SHOOTIN' AT HIM RIGHT NOW."

I DON'T FEEL WELL, OLD HOB.

'COURSE YOU DON'T, PAL—YOU'VE HAD YOUR BRAINS *SCRAMBLED* FOR A WHILE.

BUT YOU'RE *BACK* NOW, AND WE ARE GONE.

NO... SOMETHING'S *WRONG*.

SLASH IS RIGHT—

—SOMETHING IS *VERY* WRONG.

MIKEY?

HI, BIG GUY.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *SAYIN'*, TURTLE?

WHAT DO YOU *FEEL*, SLASH?

SOMETHING... *INSIDE*. SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG.

A BOMB!

WHAT?

BISHOP'S PLAN ALL ALONG. HE'S IMPLANTED SLASH WITH A BOMB... A SMALL *NUKE*, IF HE WASN'T BLUFFING.

THE E.P.F. DIDN'T COME HERE TO INVADE—THEY CAME TO *ANNIHILATE*.

THEN WHAT ARE YOU *WAITIN'* FOR? YOU AND THOSE OTHER EGGHEADS *FIRE UP* THAT MAGIC DOOR OF YOURS AND GET US OUTTA HERE *NOW!*

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HOB—

—WE *CAN'T* TELEPORT SLASH BACK TO NEW YORK. NOT IF HE'S CARRYING A NUCLEAR BOMB...

"...THE CASUALTIES WOULD BE *CATASTROPHIC*."

NNGH!

BUT... MAYBE BISHOP WAS *LYIN'* AND THERE AIN'T NO BOMB.

HE DID *NOT* LIE—I'VE ALREADY RUN A *SCAN*.

THE BEAST CARRIES HIGH EXPLOSIVES INSIDE.

THEN YOU ALIEN FREAKS CAN *FIX* HIM. YOU'VE GOT THE TECH WE NEED, *RIGHT?!*

NONSENSE. I WILL NOT ALLOW A WALKING TIME BOMB INTO *ANY* UTROM FACILITY.

I... UNFORTUNATELY, I *AGREE*—

—THERE ARE *TOO MANY* LIVES AT STAKE TO RISK IT.

GUH!

YOU *OKAY*, BIG DUDE?

HOW... HOW MUCH TIME *LEFT* DO YOU ESTIMATE, DONATELLO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DOUBT BISHOP WOULD DETONATE UNTIL THE E.P.F. WAS *OUT OF RANGE* OF THE BLAST.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT BLAST? WE'RE GONNA *STOP* THIS, RIGHT?

NO, OLD HOB—IT'S TOO LATE. I NEED TO GO SO EVERYONE CAN BE SAFE. I WON'T HURT *ANYONE ELSE*... EVER AGAIN.

BUT... THAT WASN'T *YOU* BEFORE. IT WAS BISHOP... *HE* WAS CONTROLLIN' YOU!

YES. BUT *I'M* IN CONTROL NOW, AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO.

SALLY, HOW *FAST* DOES THIS THING FLY?

FAST AS YOU *NEED* IT TO, BIG FELLA. WHY?

BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO *DROP* ME OFF SOMEWHERE—AND THEN GET AWAY FROM ME AS *QUICKLY* AS YOU CAN.

CAN DO.

NO—YOU *AIN'T GOIN'*. NOT LIKE THIS. I WON'T *LET* YOU. I...

...I CAN'T.

YES, YOU *CAN*.

BECAUSE *SOMEONE* NEEDS TO LEAD THE RESISTANCE.

YOU WERE *RIGHT* ALL ALONG, OLD HOB—ABOUT THE HUMANS.

THEY HAVE TO BE *STOPPED*.

HERE, BIG GUY—I *BROUGHT* THIS FOR YOU, JUST IN CASE... WE GOT YOU BACK.

KINDA *MUSHY* NOW, THOUGH. SORRY.

CANDY?

YEAH...

...FOR A *HERO*.

TIME TO GO. I'LL *MISS* YOU ALL.

IT'S BEEN AN *HONOR* TO BE YOUR *FRIEND*...

"...AND YOUR *BROTHER*."

THANK YOU, SALLY.

GOOD-BYE.

GODSPEED, MY FRIEND.

APRIL... IT'S DONNIE.

BRING US *HOME.*

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by MICHAEL DIALYNAS

ISSUE #89

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS—

—WHEN ALL THRO' THE HOUSE...

...NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING—

—NOT EVEN A MOUSE.

THE *RAT*, HOWEVER?

THE RAT IS *RESTLESS.*

THE RAT IS *LONELY.*

KNOCK KNOCK

MASTER SPLINTER, IT'S JENNIKA. MAY I COME IN?

PLEASE ENTER, *CHUNIN*.

THANK YOU, MASTER. I HOPE I'M NOT *INTERRUPTING* ANYTHING IMPORTANT.

NONSENSE, CHILD. JUST AN OLD RAT AND HIS NIGHTLY TEA.

WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP? A BIT OF ***WARMTH*** ON A COLD NIGHT.

NO, THANK YOU, MASTER. I'M ACTUALLY HERE TO SEE IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I ***LEAVE*** THE COMPOUND FOR A FEW HOURS.

LEAVE? WHERE TO?

TO... TO VISIT ***CASEY JONES***. HE'S INVITED ME TO GO ICE SKATING AND, WELL... I WAS ABLE TO GET ALL THE ***ORPHANS*** TO SLEEP AND I THOUGHT...

...I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A ***NICE WAY*** TO SPEND CHRISTMAS EVE.

JENNY! JENNY!

TOMMY! WHAT ARE YOU ***DOING*** HERE?

I HEARD SANTA! ***SANTA!***

ALL ***ASLEEP***, ***HM?***

WE REALLY SHOULD NOT HAVE YOUNG CHILDREN RUNNING ***UNESCORTED*** WITHIN IN THE COMPOUND, *CHUNIN*.

I'M SO ***SORRY***, MASTER. I'LL GET HIM BACK WITH THE OTHERS RIGHT AWAY.

SEE THAT YOU ***DO***.

SANTA, JENNY!

AND... WHEN YOU'VE COMPLETED THAT TASK, *GO* WITH CASEY JONES, JENNIKA. ENJOY YOURSELF—YOU HAVE *MORE* THAN EARNED IT.

THANK YOU, MASTER. I *PROMISE* TO BE HERE WHEN THE KIDS WAKE UP.

TAKE *ALL* THE TIME YOU NEED, CHILD.

HE GOTS WHISKERS.

GOOD NIGHT, MASTER SPLINTER.

G'NIGHT, MISTER SPINTER!

AND TO YOU BOTH.

LONELY, INDEED.

AWAKEN, HAMATO YOSHI... AWAKEN...

...NOW!

WHA... WHO?

YOU!

OROKU SAKI!

YES—THAT IS WHAT I WAS *ONCE* CALLED. AND THEN, FOR A TIME, *THE SHREDDER.*

BUT THOSE NAMES NEED *NOT* CONCERN YOU NOW. THEY ARE MEANINGLESS.

ALL THAT SHOULD MATTER TO YOU AT THIS MOMENT ARE THE CHAINS THAT BIND ME—THE VERY *SAME CHAINS* THAT MAY SOON BIND *YOU* AS WELL.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? AND *HOW* IS IT THAT YOU ARE HERE?

LIKE MY FORMER NAMES, THE ANSWERS TO THOSE QUESTIONS ARE NOT IMPORTANT.

ALL YOU NEED KNOW IS THAT I COME BEARING A *WARNING* TO YOU, HAMATO YOSHI, ALSO CALLED SPLINTER.

YOU DEEM YOURSELF *MASTER* AND DICTATE TO OTHERS *YOUR* WHIMS AND DESIRES. YOU SEEK TO CONTROL POWERS YOU *CANNOT*—JUST AS I ONCE DID.

UNDERSTAND—THE POWERS CONTROL *YOU*. THEY CORRUPT YOU AND, LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES, WILL IMPRISON YOU FOR *ALL TIME*.

IT IS ONLY THEN YOU WILL REALIZE THE NAMES AND THE TITLES YOU HELD IN THIS LIFE REMAIN *BEHIND*—AS DO YOUR INTENTIONS, WHETHER NOBLE OR OTHERWISE.

ALL THAT YOU CARRY WITH YOU INTO ETERNITY ARE YOUR *TRUE DEEDS*. AND IF YOU DO NOT HEED THE LESSONS OF THIS NIGHT, YOURS WILL BE *NO DIFFERENT* THAN THE SHACKLES I NOW BEAR.

LESSONS? WHAT... LESSONS?

THREE WILL FOLLOW ME... EACH WITH *VISIONS* OF YOUR LIFE. OF YOUR DEEDS—BE THEY GOOD OR BAD—AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT WAS... WHAT IS... WHAT MAY YET BE.

IT IS *TOO LATE* TO CHANGE THE FIRST AND THE SECOND. AND I WONDER, FOR *YOU*, MY BROTHER...

...WILL IT BE *SO* FOR THE THIRD?

NO, SAKI! PLEASE!

DON'T GO?

MERELY A *STRANGE DREAM*, THEN.

PERHAPS CHAMOMILE IS A BETTER CHOICE THAN GREEN TEA AT THIS *LATE* AN HOUR, *HM*, YOSHI?

I DON'T KNOW—I'VE ALWAYS FOUND GREEN TEA TO BE THE *PREFERABLE* OF THE TWO...

...BUT TO EACH THEIR *OWN*, I SUPPOSE.

GOOD EVENING, HAMATO YOSHI. I HAVE ARRIVED TO GUIDE YOU ON YOUR FIRST JOURNEY TONIGHT.

I AM CALLED... *AKA*.

AKA? I *KNOW* YOU— YOU ARE ONE OF THE *PANTHEON* SIBLINGS.

KITSUNE'S SISTER.

YES—THAT IS TRUE. THOUGH TONIGHT, MY FAMILY AND I ARE OF NO IMPORTANCE.

TONIGHT, IT IS *YOU* WHO MATTERS, HAMATO YOSHI. YOU...

...AND THOSE YOU HAVE LOVED *MOST* IN TWO LIFETIMES.

I... SAKI SAID YOU WOULD COME, BUT I *STILL* DO NOT UNDERSTAND. I THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING.

AM I STILL?

PLEASE, STEP THROUGH THIS DOORWAY.

PERHAPS *THEN* YOU WILL BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT.

THIS... DOORWAY, AKA— IF I AGREE... IF I STEP THROUGH... *WHERE* WILL IT TAKE ME?

WHERE? NO.

WHEN, HAMATO YOSHI...

...TO A TIME THAT WAS.

TANG SHEN? MY...

"...BELOVED."

LOOK AT THEM, SHEN. SO RAMBUNCTIOUS AND COMPETITIVE.

YES, I SEE, YOSHI...

"...THEY ARE THEIR *FATHER'S SONS*, WITHOUT A DOUBT."

I'VE *GOT* YOU, BROTHER!

OH, NO YOU *DON'T!*

MY... MY FAMILY.

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

IT'S POSSIBLE BECAUSE THIS MOMENT IS *VERY REAL*, HAMATO YOSHI. IT HAPPENED.

NO MATTER WHAT AMOUNT OF TIME HAS PASSED, THIS WILL *FOREVER* BE YOUR LIFE.

CAN THEY *SEE* US?

NO. NOR *HEAR* US.

THEN HOW IS IT THAT *I* CAN SEE THEM?

BECAUSE *THAT* IS THE LESSON—TO OBSERVE AND TO LEARN.

SO, TELL ME...

...WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WHERE ARE YOUR *MANNERS*, MY SONS? THIS FOOD IS MEANT TO BE SAVORED, NOT OBLITERATED.

LET THE BOYS EAT, MY LOVE. IT IS AS THEY SAY— A CLAN *RUNS* ON ITS STOMACHS.

OH, YOU AND YOUR TALK OF CLANS. WHY CAN YOU NOT JUST CONFESS THAT YOU RELENTLESSLY *SPOIL* THESE BOYS, YOSHI?

AND ADMIT TO A *FLAW* IN MY CHARACTER? NEVER!

I SEE A BEAUTIFUL, LOVING WIFE. WONDERFUL, HEALTHY SONS.

AND NOW— *WHAT* DO YOU SEE, HAMATO YOSHI?

NO.

TAKE OUR SONS... OUR BABIES... AND FLEE *AWAY* FROM HERE... HIDE THEM. KEEP THEM SAFE...

...FOR ME.

I SEE A SELFLESS MOTHER. A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

A REMARKABLE FLOWER WILTED *FAR TOO SOON.*

AND NOW?

FOCUS, MY SON! YOU HAVE LEFT YOUR BROTHER *OPEN* FOR AN ATTACK.

GOT YOU!

AWWW...

YOU FOUGHT *WELL*, MY SON, BUT YOU WERE DEFEATED BECAUSE YOU ALLOWED YOUR *CONCERN* FOR YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER TO *CLOUD* YOUR JUDGMENT IN BATTLE.

ALWAYS REMEMBER— YOU CANNOT PROTECT OTHERS IF YOU DO NOT *FIRST* LEARN HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF.

YES, FATHER.

I SEE DUTIFUL SONS. BRAVE, YOUNG SOLDIERS.

STRENGTH IN THE FACE OF TRAGEDY.

AND *HERE*, HAMATO YOSHI?

LOOK AT THOSE WHO WILL *DIE* WITH YOU THIS DAY, EXECUTED BY THE VERY CLAN YOU CHOSE TO *DISHONOR* WITH YOUR BASE TREACHERY.

MY SONS... FORGIVE ME.

PLEASE, NOT *THIS*.

NOT AGAIN.

I SEE A MAN WHO HAS BROUGHT *DESTRUCTION* AND *DEATH* TO THOSE HE LOVED MOST.

A FAILED HUSBAND. A FAILED FATHER.

WHATEVER LESSON YOU SOUGHT TO TEACH ME IS *LOST*, AKA, BECAUSE I CAN LOOK NO MORE. THE *PAIN* IS FAR TOO GREAT.

AND *THAT* IS THE LESSON, HAMATO YOSHI— TO UNDERSTAND THE THINGS YOU *CANNOT* SEE.

DURING EACH MOMENT IN TIME, YOU TOLD ME WHAT YOU SAW—A BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND DUTIFUL SONS... ALWAYS THE VERY BEST OF THE *OTHERS* IN YOUR LIFE, THOSE YOU LOVED AND CHERISHED WITH *EVERY* FIBER OF YOUR BEING.

IT WAS ONLY AT THE END, DURING YOUR MOST PAINFUL MEMORY, THAT YOU FINALLY SAW *YOURSELF*. AND THEN YOU SAW ONLY AN UTTER FAILURE, NEVER REALIZING THAT THROUGHOUT IT ALL, YOU FAILED TO SEE SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING *MUCH MORE* SIGNIFICANT.

A LOYAL AND LOVING HUSBAND. A DOTING AND COMPASSIONATE FATHER. A SAGE AND PATIENT TEACHER.

A *GOOD* AND *HONORABLE* MAN.

BUT NOT A *PERFECT* ONE.

NO MAN IS PERFECT, HAMATO YOSHI. THE *ONLY* THING THAT IS PERFECT IS *LOVE*.

AND HOW CAN YOU TRULY LOVE OTHERS IF YOU DON'T *FIRST* LEARN TO TRULY LOVE YOURSELF?

SHE'S *RIGHT*, YOU KNOW. NOBODY'S PERFECT...

...BUT *EVERYBODY* LOVES A PARTY!

GREETINGS, MASTER RODENT SPLINTER! I AM YOUR HUMBLE HOST FOR THE NEXT SENSATIONAL STEPS IN TONIGHT'S TANTALIZING TREK.

I AM... **TOAD BARON!**

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE PANTHEON, I TAKE IT?

INDEED, I AM! AND DEDICATED DENIZEN OF THE *DEN OF DELIGHTS*, AT YOUR SERVICE. I'D SHAKE YOUR HAND, BUT AS YOU WELL SEE, BOTH OF MINE ARE CURRENTLY OCCUPIED.

BESIDES, TOUCHING ME IS *RARELY* A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE, AS I'M SURE YOUR RED-CLAD SPAWN AND THAT AGGRAVATING ALLY OF HIS, ANGEL, WOULD *READILY* CONFESS.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, MAY I SUGGEST WE *EXPEDITE* THIS EXPEDITION? DROPS IN A GOBLET ARE VERY MUCH LIKE SANDS IN AN HOURGLASS—LOST WITH EACH PASSING SECOND.

IN OTHER WORDS, I'D PREFER TO FINISH TONIGHT'S FESTIVITIES *BEFORE* I FIND MY GROG IN SHORT SUPPLY. A TRUE PARTY *FAUX PAS* IF EVER THERE WAS ONE.

AFTER YOU, MY FINELY FURRED FRIEND.

NEXT STOP...

...THE TIME THAT IS.

THE CLAN HAMATO LAIR. BUT... WHY IS IT *SO STARK?* WHERE ARE THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS?

MY SONS HAVE *ALWAYS* CELEBRATED THIS HOLIDAY WITH GARISH ABANDON.

PERHAPS THEIR COLLECTIVE CELEBRATORY MOOD HAS BEEN *VEXED* FOR THIS SEASON.

LOOK THERE.

OH.

IT FEELS LIKE I'M GONNA KEEP LOSING *EVERYONE* I LOVE, LEO.

WELL, YOU PRETTY MUCH LOVE *EVERYBODY*, LITTLE BRO, SO THAT'S PROBABLY TRUE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I KNOW, MIKEY. BUT THINGS WILL GET BETTER IN TIME, YOU'LL SEE.

AND YOU'VE *ALWAYS* GOT YOUR BROTHERS—WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

I HOPE NOT. BUT... I THOUGHT *FATHER* WOULD NEVER LEAVE, EITHER.

AND NOW IT'S ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EVE AND WE'RE THE *ONLY ONES* HERE, AND SLASH IS *GONE* AND...

...AND THIS JUST *SUCKS*. SO MUCH.

I KNOW, KID. I KNOW.

MY POOR, PRECIOUS CHILD. WHAT HAS STOLEN HIS *JOY* THIS WAY?

AND MY OTHER SONS... RAPHAEL AND DONATELLO.

WHY ARE *THEY* NOT HERE?

LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE?

ROAD TRIP!

WAR AND DEATH AND LOSS. THEY CONTINUE TO BE THE *DARKNESS* THAT INVADES HIS *LIGHT*.

A TERRIBLE TRINITY, GUARANTEED TO DISILLUSION EVEN THE MOST *HAPPY-GO-LUCKY* OF REVELERS.

HAROLD LILJA'S LABORATORY?

WHY WOULD DONATELLO CHOOSE TO BE *HERE* AND NOT *HOME* WITH HIS FAMILY?

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY— HOME IS WHERE THE *HEART* RESIDES.

I'M NEARLY DONE CALIBRATING THE INFRARED CAMERA, GENTLEMEN.

I SUGGEST YOU GET A *MOVE ON* WITH THE ASSEMBLY CARRIAGE.

HOLD YOUR *HORSES*, WOMAN! THIS ISN'T A BLASTED RACE.

GOOD THING, TOO, CAUSE WE'D BE LOSING BIG TIME IF IT *WAS*, HAROLD. LIBBY'S LIKE A MACHINE.

AND IF APRIL WASN'T WITH HER PARENTS TONIGHT, WE'D BE EVEN *FURTHER* BEHIND.

MEH.

OR IN THIS CASE, WHERE THE *BRAINS* RESIDE.

ONWARD.

THE PIZZA RESTAURANT? THIS IS WHERE RAPHAEL WOULD SPEND *HIS* CHRISTMAS EVE?

INDEED. AND I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY— THE CUISINE SMELLS *UNIQUELY DELICIOUS*. A TITILLATING SYNERGY OF CHEESE, SAUSAGE, AND CARDBOARD.

IT'S TOO BAD THE LITTLE DUDE COULDN'T BE HERE. I *MISS* THE MIKESTER.

RUPERT'S PIZZA

YEAH. BUT HE AIN'T EXACTLY IN THE MOOD TO HANG OUT AFTER THE WHOLE THING WITH *SLASH* ON BURNOW ISLAND.

CAN'T REALLY *BLAME* THE KID. TALK ABOUT A GUT PUNCH.

IT COULD'VE BEEN MUCH *WORSE*, THOUGH.

IF SLASH HADN'T *SACRIFICED* HIMSELF, THERE'D BE A *LOT LESS* OF US LEFT, AND WE NEED *ALL* THE HELP WE CAN GET RIGHT NOW.

WHEN DID WE BECOME SO SEPARATED? SO *DESPERATE?*

WELL, SPEAKING AS A PROFESSIONAL PURVEYOR OF PARTIES, AN ABSENTEE HOST IS A CLEAR RECIPE FOR *DISASTER.* DON'T PLAN A PARTY IF YOU DON'T INTEND TO SEE IT THROUGH.

OTHERWISE, CELEBRATION SLIPS INTO CHAOS, BACCHANAL BECOMES BEDLAM, AND THE ONLY ONES WHO LEAVE *SATISFIED* ARE THE DESTROYERS AND MALCONTENTS.

AND NOW MY GROG IS GONE, AS AM I.

FAREWELL, RAT CALLED SPLINTER. AND GOOD LUCK.

YOU WILL *NEED* IT.

S-S-SO...

...COLD.

AND YET *ANOTHER* ARRIVES TO HAUNT ME TONIGHT—A THIRD, JUST AS SAKI PROMISED.

I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM THE ANCIENT PANTHEON SCROLL. YOU ARE THE SILENT SIBLING...

...GOTHANO.

OF COURSE— ANOTHER JOURNEY.

WHAT WAS IT SAKI SAID? WHAT WAS... WHAT IS...

...AND *WHAT MAY YET BE.*

THESE... THESE ARE MY *FOOT SOLDIERS*. SO MANY DEAD AND WOUNDED.

WHAT...

...WHAT HAS *HAPPENED* HERE?

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT HAD TO COME TO *THIS*. IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

BEEN A NIGHTMARE FOR A *LONG TIME*, DON.

NONE OF US WANTED THIS, BUT IT AIN'T LIKE HE GAVE US ANY *OTHER* CHOICE.

NO—NOT AFTER WHAT HE DID TO THE MUTANIMALS... AND CASEY AND JENNY WHEN THEY STOPPED OBEYING HIM.

WE *HAD* TO STOP HIM. HE WAS OUT OF CONTROL.

WELL, IT'S *OVER* NOW.

YEAH. LET'S GET *OUTTA* HERE.

I'M SORRY, MIKEY. IF THERE WAS *ANOTHER* WAY...

IT'S OKAY, LEO. WE DID THE *RIGHT* THING—

—HE *STOPPED* BEING FATHER A LONG TIME AGO.

NO.

NO!

PLEASE, GOTHANO... PLEASE TELL ME THIS IS *NOT* REAL!

SPEAK TO ME, PLEASE! THIS *CAN'T* BE REAL...

...PLEASE!

IT... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. NOT REAL.

NO... NOT A DREAM.

A *LESSON.*

GUARDS! TO ME!

FORM A *SEARCH PARTY*, SOLDIER. SEEK OUT MY FAMILY AND THEIR ALLIES, WHEREVER THEY MAY BE. BRING THEM TO ME *IMMEDIATELY*. MY *CHUNIN* AND CASEY JONES, AS WELL.

GO, *QUICKLY!*

HAI, MASTER!

AND FOR *YOU*, MY FINE AND LOYAL SOLDIER...

"...I HAVE A *VERY SPECIAL MISSION.*"

I HAVE RETRIEVED THE *ITEMS* YOU REQUESTED, MASTER, INCLUDING THIS ONE SPECIFICALLY FOR *YOU*.

INDEED. YOU HAVE DONE *WELL*, MY FRIEND.

MASTER SPLINTER. YOUR SONS AND THEIR ALLIES ARE *HERE* NOW, AS ARE JENNIKA, AND CASEY JONES OF THE PURPLE DRAGONS.

EXCELLENT! BRING THEM *ALL* INTO THE THRONE ROOM IN TWENTY MINUTES.

I WILL BE *WAITING* FOR THEM THERE.

WHAT THE *HECK'S* GOIN' ON WITH YOUR DAD, DUDE? HIS SOLDIERS GRABBED ME AND JENNY LIKE IT WAS SOME KINDA STINKIN' *EMERGENCY*.

GOT ME, MAN. THEY PULLED THE SAME THING ON THE *REST* OF US.

IT MUST BE SOMETHING *IMPORTANT*. THE MASTER WOULDN'T NORMALLY—

HO! HO! HO!

WHAT THE—?

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

YAY, SANTA!

FATHER?

YES, MY SON— AND FOR THE MOMENT, *FATHER CHRISTMAS!*

THANK YOU FOR *JOINING* MY CELEBRATION.

WE HAVE BEEN APART TOO LONG, AND I THOUGHT TODAY, OF *ALL* DAYS, WE SHOULD RECTIFY THAT...

...AS A *FAMILY*.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by TOMI VARGA

art by RYAN BROWN

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art by KEVIN HOPGOOD
colors by CHARLIE KIRCHOFF

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TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

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EASTMAN - WALTZ - DIALYNAS - PATTISON

art by JODY EDWARDS

MICHELANGELO'S DETERIORATING RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS FATHER REACHES A POINT OF NO RETURN! WILL MIKEY FIGHT THOSE HE LOVES TO SAVE THOSE WHO NEED HIM THE MOST? THEN, MULTIPLE SOURCES OF CONFLICT COLLIDE AS THE MANIACAL AGENT BISHOP GOES TO WAR WITH THE ALIEN FORCES ON EARTH, DRIVING THE TURTLES TO EMBRACE UNSAVORY ALLIANCES AND RACE TO STOP A MASSACRE. BUT THIS COMPLEX WEB OF ENEMIES AND ALLIES–AS WELL AS NEW DIVISIONS BETWEEN THE TURTLES THEMSELVES–MAY THWART ANY CHANCE THEY HAVE FOR SUCCESS! PLUS, EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MUTANT WARTHOG AND RHINO ARE ON A ROADTRIP BACK TO NYC, BUT CAN THEY MAKE IT BEFORE THEY BECOME COMPLETELY HUMAN AGAIN? FINALLY, LEO ENCOUNTERS AN OLD ENEMY AND FORGES A FRAGILE PEACE, WHILE SPINTER RINGS IN THE HOLIDAYS WITH A TRIO OF GHOSTLY GUESTS.

VOLUME 12 COLLECTS ***MACRO-SERIES: MICHELANGELO*** AND ***MACRO-SERIES: LEONARDO***, ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES UNIVERSE*** #23–25, ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES*** #85–89, AND THE ***BEBOP & ROCKSTEADY HIT THE ROAD*** MINI-SERIES.

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